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A

MISSIONARY OFFERING,

OR

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY,

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY,

AND

THE PRESENT CRISIS

IN

FOREIGN MISSIONS.



BOSTON:

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## P R E F A C E.

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THIS little "Missionary Offering," as will be perceived, has a particular reference to the present crisis in Foreign Missions. But the general sentiments will apply equally to the subject of Missions at any other time, and to the calls of benevolence from every other department in the great work of renovating the world. In its application, it has also a special reference to charitable contributions. But whatever, in the sentiments, shall serve as a motive in the matter of raising funds, will be alike so in every other branch of Christian effort, and self-denial.

There is a single object, which this little book would fain serve, though, in so great a cause, it be unworthy to give a cup of cold water, or to stoop down, and unloose the latchet of a shoe. This object is the salvation of immortal souls ready to perish, and the glory of Him, who gave his life a ransom for sin.

The friends of the writer, for whom this little work has been prepared, may not receive it, till the present exigency in Foreign Missions shall be past, and its place supplied by some other appeal more urgent, perhaps, and more affecting to a tender conscience, and to an enlightened Christian sympathy. But this will be a matter of small consequence. To whomsoever, it would be worth reading in 1843, it will be worth reading at any other time, while souls can be found on the earth, who are far from a knowledge of the truth, and who know not the joys of salvation.

The subjects of the second chapter are earnestly recommended to the solemn and devout consideration of all the friends of the writer, who may take up this little book—not according to this feeble development, but as they are exhibited by God in all their solemn and momentous realities.

Without the power of these affecting truths, it would be better to lay aside this small offering, than to spend time in the perusal. Without their influence on the mind, it contains only a collection of unmeaning words, or at best, only a few useless, ineffective thoughts. But it is earnestly desired, and fervently and humbly implored, that these truths may be interwoven, as it were, with the very fibres of the soul, and incorporated with the deepest feelings of the heart, and carried along, and applied in the perusal of every page.

MAY, 1843.



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## CHAPTER I.

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CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY—PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY—MISSIONARY CIRCULAR—AMERICAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

IN the great work of converting the world to God, Christian Sympathy, and a just and solemn conviction of Personal Responsibility, are the two grand effective powers of the human soul. Their influence on the mind must be united to be effectual. In urging us forward in the path of duty, they are like companions and fellow-laborers. The one suggests, the other executes. The one is like a living, glowing, energetic soul; the other is like the embodying of that soul in a visible, active and efficient form.

Sympathy is a powerful and important principle of human nature. In its use and adaptation, the children of this world have been wise in their generation. The statesman, the lawyer, the poet, the musician, the devotee of Paganism, the follower of the false prophet, and the worshipper of the beast and his image, have known, and used, and felt its power.

But has the follower of Jesus, the soldier of the cross, been equally wise in his generation? No one has such a scope for sympathy as he has, and nowhere can it accomplish such wonders, as in the hands of the devoted servant of Christ. His is a noble sympathy. It never becomes insipid by repetition; on review, it never appears unworthy of himself. This world, with all its regions of reality, and of fiction too, can furnish no such field, as is spread out before the Christian's sympathizing spirit. The joys of the New Jerusalem, the wailings of the bottomless pit, the dying groans of the Lamb of God, all gather around his heart, and enter into the deepest fountains of his soul.

The sympathy of the Christian is not left to wear itself out by its own perpetual corrodings. It is not shut up to become loathsome and stagnant for the want of fresh air. No. It can flow forth in living streams of active benevolence, fertilizing many a barren plain, till it mingles in the great ocean of love, and thence it can return to refresh the soul. The Providence of God is opening to the Christian every where, a way, a high way, a way of holiness, in which his willing feet can run, as on the wings of the wind, carrying the tidings of salvation to the remotest ends of the earth.

The great work of converting the world to God, can never be fully accomplished without the most strenuous and self-denying efforts, of which man is capable. If the powers of depravity would remain stationary—if each succeeding generation would be content with the measure of iniquity practised by their fathers,

the case would be somewhat different. But Christianity has now much to do to overtake the powers of darkness in their rapid flight, and to place herself side by side, in even combat for final victory. She may make positive and cheering progress in her course, and yet gain no relative advance on the enemy. In view of the two great contending powers as they now stand, can an intelligent faith look up to God, and ask that the kingdoms of this world may be given to Christ, by an instrumental effort, which is feeble, partial and changeable? Are not self-denying labors here required, which can be prompted by nothing less than the strongest powers of the human soul? The principles of mere philosophy and justice, in their influence over the human mind, are not sufficient to meet the necessities of the case. Their propelling power can never carry to all the inhabitants of earth, that salvation, the basis of which was laid in tears of blood, and in groans of the tenderest compassion. The sympathies of our nature, sanctified, and turned into the channel of the gospel, will be essential for this work. The aid of Christian sympathy in converting the world, was appointed of God in infinite wisdom, and in condescending love. This wonderful principle of the human soul, under the influence of grace, presents, in its powers, capabilities and relations, a glorious specimen of the handiwork of the Author of our salvation.

Christian sympathy, as a means of converting the world, may embrace sympathy with the sufferings of Christ and sympathy with our race in view of their future condition, just as it will

be, either in heaven, or in hell. But this power of the soul will not spring up spontaneously, neither is it found in the natural heart. The foundation must be laid, and the work carried forward by the influence of the Holy Ghost. But the Holy Spirit will never so set aside the Divine plan, and so dishonor the Godhead, as to accomplish such a work in the heart without the skilful and diligent use of means.

Every means, natural, social and moral, should be employed for its growth and maturity. The work of cultivating Christian sympathy should be commenced in the earliest years of childhood, and it should be carried on, till the days on earth are finished, and the soul is released to go home and dwell forever in a world of infinite sympathy—of infinite fellowship—of infinite love.

But Christian sympathy can never live, and thrive, and endure, unless it be carried out into real life by a just and solemn conviction of personal responsibility. It must be a conviction, which rests down on the soul itself with such an overwhelming power, with such an absorbing influence, that it leaves but little time, or strength, or desire, to apply duty to others—to the church—to the public. It takes away the asperity of censure. It softens the words of reproof. And yet, as it beams forth in the life, it often comes home to the hearts of others with a power indescribable and irresistible. It often speaks not, but in silence, it looks on the deficiencies of others, as the Saviour looked on Peter.

This conviction of responsibility in the work of saving souls, will apply duty to the heart with

a skilful hand. It will divide out to the understanding, and to the conscience, like a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. It will not be partial in judging between the interests of self, and the eternal interests of others. It will constrain the soul to adopt and practise the following sentiments of Howard.—“ Our superfluities should be given up for the convenience of others—our conveniences should give way to others’ necessities—our necessities should give way to the extremities of others.” Are not these the sentiments, which must be adopted and practised to bring the whole world to a knowledge of the truth? Are they not sentiments contained in the second great command of the law, and in the golden rule? In the great work of saving souls from death, let us then first give up our superfluities. When that is done, if the Providence of God still calls, let us next give up our conveniences. When we have done that, if souls are still left unsaved and unenlightened, and if the door is still kept open by Divine Providence, inviting us to enter, let us last of all give up our necessities to the infinite extremities of immortal beings.

Thoughts like these were hovering around my mind last Monday evening, as we assembled in our village church for the missionary concert. Our beloved pastor announced to us, that he had a letter from the Missionary House at Boston. The simple fact thrilled through my heart. I remembered the letter, of Sept. 1841, and I remembered how its contents weighed down my soul, and followed me by night and by day. I remembered too the fatal scenes of 1837. I

had from time to time watched the progress of the missionary receipts. I had wept and prayed over our disappointed hopes. But I had not brought the subject before my mind distinctly in all its solemn and trying realities. But as the letter was opening to be read in our ears, the veil seemed lifted from mine eyes, and the sad decline in the missionary receipts, with all its dreadful consequences, passed in rapid review before my imagination. My weak and trembling heart almost shrunk from hearing the contents of the letter. I well knew that a Circular to the churches from this source, was no unmeaning sound. I well knew that it was a messenger of painful tidings. I knew that both wisdom and discretion had done their utmost to avoid such a resort. No messenger from this source ever comes to us, except from burdened souls and bleeding hearts. It comes only to tell us of plain and solemn facts—of dangers, of necessities, such as the world knows not of—of an approaching crisis in the kingdom of Christ, such as is never known among the affairs of men,—among the kingdoms of this world. But I folded my arms to listen to the letter. I expected no warm appeal—I expected no glow of the imagination, such as we sometimes meet from the pen of those who have just put on the harness. But I did expect solid facts—facts, which through the understanding, the judgment and the conscience, can find their way into the deepest fountains of the soul. In this I was not disappointed. I listened as for my life, to every line. I returned from the concert. I retired to rest, but not to sleep. The contents of the

letter, the present state of the missionary funds, the dreadful condition of the perishing heathen, the last command of our dear Redeemer, his dying groans in the garden and on the cross, all passed in rapid review before me. The subject, in its various bearings, spread itself out before my mind with an unwonted vividness and expansion.

I took a survey of *Modern Missions*. What a sublime spectacle. I glanced over the history of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—the glory of our country,—the corner stone of all our voluntary benevolent associations. I love to go back in its history more than thirty years. I love to look at its origin, and from that point, I love to wander along the way, and linger as I pass, till I arrive at our present position. Though I was but a child, I love even now the *very thought* that I can remember even the beginnings of this great and glorious enterprize. I beheld the infant rocked in its cradle, but I knew not why it was born, or wherefore it was there. I saw it grow and advance, and I have seen it become a man, endowed with wisdom and understanding, giving laws to other minds, and directions to other powers. I well remember the time, when the names of Mills and his associates first began to fall on my ear. I remember the thoughts of my young heart, when the subject of Foreign Missions first began to find its way into the family circle, and was spoken of as one of the marvellous things of the age. A marvellous thing it has indeed proved, and it will furnish an abundant reward to every one, who will trace its history,

and follow it in its growth. Here I have found one of my richest fields of thought, of meditation, and of feeling.

Our country's grand scene of the sublime in nature, must be seen to be felt, must be known to be loved and revered. There is an outer court, and there is an inner temple. Many assemble in the outer court, but only here and there one will tarry long enough, to find his way into the inner temple. The traveller, who stops a day *to rest and visit Niagara*, knows naught of the communings of that spirit, which spends week after week in beholding and admiring the ever increasing wonders of that hallowed spot, till his eyes see a greatness and a glory in the falling waters, which no other eyes have ever seen.

Niagara, with all its simplicity, never tires, never satiates, never satisfies. The devoted lover of its scenes asks only to behold the same things over and over again. Day by day, he finds a growing admiration of every view he takes, from the smaller cascade, which leaps from rock to rock, as if fearful to make one fatal plunge, to its broadest mass of many waters, which with wild speed, and with a voice as of mighty thunderings, rush down the awful height. Thus it is with every view which we can take of the principal Foreign Missionary Society of our country,—our nation's grand feature of the morally sublime. The more we see and the more we know, the more we admire, and the more we love. In whatever aspect we behold it, it grows on contemplation, whether it be of its principles, of its history, of the men whom God has raised

up to guide in its counsels, and carry forward its work at home, or of those, who have taken their lives in their hand, and gone forth, voluntary exiles "from their country, from their kindred, and from their father's house." The passing traveller, who occasionally glances at the doings of the American Board, and year by year, or month by month, casts in his pittance into its treasury, knows naught of the communings of one, whose heart lives and glows in all its interests—whose life, whose property, whose influence, whose all is pledged for its support.

If I am permitted to enjoy but one more scene of nature's sublimity, I will not ask to behold the wonders of other lands, and of other climes, I will only ask to taste once more of the delights of our own Niagara's scenes. So if I am permitted to behold but one more public scene of moral sublimity, let that be another annual meeting of the American Board. I ask not to visit the splendid halls of the old world, and listen to the eloquence of those master minds, whose praise is in all the earth, from the equator to the poles. Whatever may be those sublime delights, *I* only ask to witness again the simple, the modest, the unpretending grandeur of one of the annual sessions of the American Board. Let me again behold those kindred spirits, from all parts of the country, and from all departments of business, assembling with one accord, in one place, that they may consult together, and transact business in behalf of this great cause. Day after day, let me listen to their deliberations, till my thoughts gain an unwonted strength, and my heart an unwonted refreshing. How chastened are the public addresses. Each speaker

seems to feel that his theme needs no ornament, no eloquence, no aggrandizement. Each trembles to speak on such an occasion, before such an audience, and on such a subject; and fears to add a single sentence, after he has given us his last thought.

Who can ever forget the last meeting at Norwich in Connecticut? What a place for comparing this transitory life with the two worlds, to one of which we are all hastening. It has justly been called 'a little heaven on earth.' But to me, it seemed more like a scene on a vast platform, raised over that "great gulf fixed," which no one can pass, if he would. On the right was the world of glory, and on the left, the world of despair. At one time, our attention was directed to the right, and there was but a step between us and heaven, and we sung with new delight,

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room—  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?"

At another time, our attention was directed to the left, and we beheld the deep gulf of despair yawning beneath our feet, and an innumerable company of immortal beings crowded together, and plunging over its awful brink. Who that was there, can ever again be absorbed in the things of the world, or can ever again seek to please himself? Who that was there, can ever again forget that cause, for which Christ suffered and died?

The American Board, what a subject! Who does not admire its chapter in our American history? Who does not love to review its

scenes, and commune with its spirit? The admirer of great principles, rather than of single facts, and immediate results, can here find a rich field for thought and investigation, and an ample scope for his largest desires, and for his greatest efforts. He, whose soul is formed to be touched by the immediate wants and woes of our race, can here find enough to reach the deepest fountains of his heart, while he strives to snatch the perishing heathen from the devouring elements, and while he hastens to give a piece of bread, and a cup of water to those, who are famishing with hunger, and dying with thirst. The lover of Bible scenes, and of Bible principles, can here find copious illustrations in this great providential work of the Divine Hand. He, who in all places, and under all circumstances, is determined not to know anything, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified, may thank God, that in these last days, he has given such an illustration, and such an application of the doctrines of the cross. Who among us, in the growth of his mind, and in the development of his heart, does not feel himself indebted to the American Board? Who that knows what it is to have an expanding and deepening Christian sympathy in his bosom, and an increasing and strengthening conviction of personal obligation resting on his soul, does not in this, feel himself indebted to the American Board? And who can bear the thought of one retrograde step in all its movements? Who would not sooner give of his last mite, and divide his last loaf? Though the barrel of meal be ever so low, and the cruise of oil ever so far spent, who will not run, and first make a little cake for this servant of the Lord?

## CHAPTER II.

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### FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS—VIEW OF THE WORLD OF DESPAIR—VIEW OF HEAVEN.

As I mused on these things, the spirit of meditation came over me, and I was led away to visit the three great scenes of Christian sympathy. My first scene was that of the Saviour's life, sufferings and death. I wandered over the plains of Judea, silently I walked in the cold garden, and I stood by the fatal cross. I seemed to hear the Saviour's voice, calling to us in accents of melting tenderness; "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." "The servant is not greater than his Lord." "Come follow me; walk in my footsteps, and we will be glorified together." The sympathy between the infinite Son of God, and his unworthy followers, appeared to me wonderful indeed, casting a glorious light over the whole subject of Missions, and receiving back in return, a living illustration, a living epistle, known and read of all men. What remarkable expressions do we find in the sacred volume on this

subject. None but an infinite mind could conceive such thoughts, and none but an infinite pen would dare to write them. "He was tempted in all points like as we are."—"He can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."—"The captain of our salvation is made perfect through sufferings."—"He learned obedience by the things which he suffered."—"Himself being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." His is not a sympathy, which simply pities, and feels for us. It is a sympathy, which knows by experience, how to partake in our every cup of joy, and in our every cup of sorrow. But this is not all. He not only suffers with us, and for us, but he even invites and accepts our sympathy in his behalf. Here is the pre-eminent glory of all this subject. We are permitted to labor with him, and for him,—to suffer with him and for him,—to be partakers in his reward—to share in the joy that was set before him, for which he endured the cross, despising the shame. We are said to be crucified with Christ—to be partakers of his sufferings; to weep with him; to rejoice with him; to reign with him. He is not ashamed to call us brethren—brethren in labors—brethren in sufferings—brethren in gathering in the rich harvest of immortal souls. We are to be conformed to his image, that he may be the first-born among many brethren.—We are to be heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with him. Who could conceive of condescension like this? Is not a life of suffering for Christ's sake a great privilege? Is it not surrounded by an unparalleled halo of glory? Well might the Apostle seek

to know the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, being made conformable to his death.

But what is this fellowship with Christ's sufferings, I inquired? What is that life, which consists "in always bearing about in the body, the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest?" My heart exclaimed, Lord teach me thus to manifest the life of Jesus; Lord teach me to live more as he lived—to feel more as he felt—to labor more as he labored—to deny myself more as he denied himself—to pray more as he prayed—to agonize over a lost and dying world, more as he agonized. But again I inquired, what is it to know the fellowship of Christ's sufferings? Is it to take it patiently, when we are buffeted for our faults? Is it to submit patiently to those afflictive dispensations of Providence; which we cannot escape? No. All this is a duty, and it shall not lose its reward. But it is not a peculiar fellowship with Christ's sufferings. Is it to choose suffering for its own sake? No. This would be only will worship, which profiteth nothing. Does it consist in boldly and courageously refuting error? No. Whatever may, or may not be acceptable with God in this, it can have no peculiar communion with the sufferings of Him, whose tender spirit knew no abatement of its sorrows from revengeful feelings, from resistful words, or from opposing conduct—of Him, "who when he was reviled, reviled not again, when he suffered, he threatened not"—of Him, who "was led as a Lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

As I reflected on this subject, three circumstances recurred to my mind as important in characterizing this class of sorrows. Other sufferings of the Christian will, doubtless, be accepted of God, though they may not possess all the distinguishing characteristics, which marked the sufferings of our Saviour. The three circumstances which presented themselves to my mind were the following.

In the first place, the life of the one who suffers, must be consecrated to the great work of saving souls, for which Christ lived, and suffered, and died. In the next place, only those sufferings of his, which are essential parts of his work, can be admitted into this holy communion. In the life of our blessed Redeemer, there was no needless expenditure of suffering. Each sorrow of his, bore a symmetrical relation to the whole great work of giving his life a ransom for sin. Such must be the life of his follower, who would know the fellowship of his sufferings. Not a pain, not a sorrow of his, embraced and endured for Christ's sake, must be such as could fall to the ground, without marring the symmetry of his Christ-like life. In the last place, his sufferings must be voluntary, or such as could be avoided, simply by giving up his work, or a part of it. The sufferings of Christ were all voluntary. Of his own will, he forsook the riches of more than ten thousand worlds, and was numbered among the poorest of men. Of his own will, he submitted to cruel mockings, and scourgings, and ignominy, and death, even the death of the cross. At any moment, he could have summoned more than twelve legions of angels to rescue him

from his enemies. Nay more, he could have lifted his own almighty arm for his deliverance. He could have saved himself. He could have come down from the cross. That same power, which had so often bound up the bleeding hearts of others, he could have put forth to assuage his own grief. But this he would not do. Not one jot or tittle of his unparalleled sufferings would he allow to fail. All must be fulfilled. He would bear the weight of the divine stroke in all the depths of his tender spirit, and with a grief unassuaged, and with a heart un comforted, unsustained.

So the sufferings of Christ's follower, which are admitted into a holy fellowship with his own sufferings, must be voluntary, or such as he could escape, simply by turning aside from the footsteps of his blessed Redeemer. The martyr, who refuses offered pardon, rather than to renounce the doctrines of the cross, may be a partaker of Christ's sufferings. The man, who in obedience to the calls of Providence, will voluntarily become poor for the salvation of men, may hold communion with the sorrows of Him, who, "though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty, might be rich." He who will labor more, give more, and deny himself more, to save immortal souls from death, than to gain the greatest earthly good, may partake of the sufferings of Him, "who had not where to lay his head," and whose meat and whose drink it was to do the will of his heavenly Father. He who will use the best of his time, the most powerful energies of his mind, and the greatest strength of his heart, in weeping over, praying over, and agonizing over immortal souls

just ready to perish, may hold communion with Him, who found in the cold mountain, a time, and a place for his prayers,—with Him, who “prayed more earnestly,” and whose “soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.” Who that loves his precious Bible, and is allowed to hold sweet communion with his dear Redeemer, will not consider it a great privilege to suffer for his sake? With what an honor was the converted Saul invested, when the Lord said of him, “He is a chosen vessel.” “I will make him to know how great things he must suffer for my name’s sake.” But this holy fellowship with the sufferings of Christ will not be urged on any one, whose unwilling heart would fain be rid of the cumbrous load. Here are sorrows, which none will be compelled to know, which no heart will be required to endure. This holy privilege is reserved for those, who can “rejoice that they are made partakers of Christ’s sufferings, that when his glory shall be revealed, they may be glad also with exceeding joy.”

This holy fellowship with Christ’s sufferings contains the very vital blood of all the missionary enterprise. Who then can ever look for this work to be carried forward by self-denial, which is not felt? Who can anticipate its onward, and ever onward progress only as it is watered by tears, by sacrifices, and by self-denials, which will be sorely felt? Where one can be found in danger of doing less hereafter, because he is doing so much at the present time, can we not find a hundred who will do less to-morrow, because they are not doing enough to-day, to taste of that fellowship with the sufferings of Christ?

As I left the dying scene of our dear Redeemer, I seemed to hear his voice in overwhelming tones of bleeding love, saying, "My followers, my dearest friends, will ye know the fellowship of my sufferings?—will ye be conformable unto my death?—or will ye crucify to yourselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame?"

But I was led on to another, and a very different scene. It was a scene on the borders of the world of despair,—a scene casting, to my mind, a glare of lurid light over the whole missionary enterprise, and urging the Christian on with unexampled speed to unknown and untold sacrifices and sufferings for its sake. Necessity seemed laid upon me to take a nearer view of the finally lost than I ever had done. I *had* turned to those fearful passages in my Bible. I had followed the criminal as near the place of execution as I dared approach. But as the flames began to flash in my face, and as the groans of despair began to fall on my ear, my affrighted spirit started back, and fled away from the dreadful sight. But now I felt that I must take a nearer view of the second death than I ever had done. Without such a view, I feared that I should not weigh things in a just balance—that I should not rid the skirts of my garments of the blood of souls—that I should not use as I ought, each hour of my passing days, and spend as I should, each dollar which comes under my control. Without such a view, I feared that I should not understand as I might, and love and adore as I ought, that infinite price paid for the ransom of the soul.

I asked God for strength to meet the dreadful scene. I approached nearer and nearer to the awful brink of the bottomless pit, and I trembled at every step. I arrived at its very edge, and the foundations seemed to crumble beneath my feet. I stooped over to take a view of the dreadful place, and the yawning gulf seemed to open wide its mouth to receive my fainting spirit. I beheld the worm that never dies, and the fire that never is quenched. I heard the unutterable groans of the forever lost, and I saw the smoke of their torment, which ascendeth up forever and ever. Who can endure this, I exclaimed, a single year?—a single day?—a single hour? But, O forever and ever! O eternity of misery! what is it? Many have told us what it is not, but who can tell us what it is.

I have read of the horrors of war. The mere outline has chilled the blood in my veins, but the details I have never dared to survey. I have beheld at a distance the fires of persecution, the horrors of the inquisition, the tortures of the rack, and the terrors of that death, which wears out life by mere agony of distress, but into the secrets of such scenes, I have never dared to enter. But the living realities of all this, a hundred times told, would be nothing compared with the second death. The Bible seems to labor to find fearful words and terrific figures, by which to describe the dreadful truth. Human ingenuity has been exhausted in finding comparisons and delineations to tell us what it is not, but no one has attempted to tell us what it is. One comparison more flashed on my affrighted imagination. It came from the regions of war,

of bloodshed, of cruelty and death. It came from the regions of faggots, of racks and inquisitorial horrors. It was drawn from those very scenes, at which my heart has ever recoiled with indescribable dread, and therefore, it seemed to my agonizing spirit, a fit semblance of hell, or rather a fit semblance of what it is not. The supposition was as follows.

A timid, sensitive female, who ventures not to set foot on a worm, is endued with a life of thousands and tens of thousands of years, and she is ever to continue the same human being that she now is, with all her present susceptibilities, and all her present feelings of horror at the sight of cruelty and distress. This sensitive creature is confined to an immovable spot, where she is to behold with her own eyes, all the miseries of the whole race of man, in all their length and breadth, and in all their living realities. She is compelled to hear, one by one, every groan, and witness every scene of distress among the inhabitants of earth from Adam to the present time. She enters on her dreadful existence. Day by day her soul shrinks more and more from the sight of instruments of torture, and her fainting spirit becomes more and more alive to the anguish of cries, and of groans, and of horrid features, and to the agonies of death. But all this is nothing, compared with the miseries of the forever lost. All this is nothing, compared with the dreadful realities, which are now meeting the eye of many a timid female in that world of ruin.

Ages on ages roll on, and none but this wretched being knows with what agonizing

slowness they pass away. But all this is nothing, compared with a hopeless eternity. The years will wear away. The end will come. Yes. I cast my eye onward through an untold series of ages, and I behold her just passing through the last suffering scene. Her trembling spirit, worn out with agony, and now fainting under the prospect of a speedy release, is on the eve of its everlasting flight. Just at this moment, another messenger of vengeance comes, bearing the heart-rending intelligence, that another and a more dreadful portion of misery and death is yet to fill her cup of anguish. This timid, this sensitive, this wretched being, is now herself to become the suffering victim of all which her eyes have beheld—she is destined to live over, one by one, every wretched life, and die every cruel death, at the sight of which her heart has been torn asunder a thousand times. What frightful images, what horrors of the imagination now chase her affrighted spirit! But there is no escape. Her shrinking soul, exhausted by indescribable terror and by agonizing sympathy, must now yield to the dreadful sentence. But all this is not hell. No. Let the permission now be given to the most timid and sensitive creature in that world of woe, to exchange her prison house of despair for a miserable existence like this, and that moment a ray of hope would find its way into her dismal abode. Dreadful as the prospect would be, and infinitely more dreadful as would be the reality, it would not be hell. However severe the agony might be, and however insupportable to her sad spirit, the repetition might

become, and however slow the myriads on myriads of ages might roll away, it would not be forever and ever. The seal of hopeless despair would not be fixed on her condemnation. O eternity of ruin! what is it? Who can bear a view of the depths of despair? O who can bear to know by experience its dreadful realities?

Again I stooped over, and again I took a lower and a deeper view of the abode of the forever lost; and I exclaimed, can this be the eternal home of a human being? Must his misery be forever? Will there be no end? Is there no escape? Cannot a way be devised for his release? And I heard a voice from heaven, replying to my troubled soul, and to my struggling spirit, "Be still and know that I am God." It is forever. But it is right—it is just. The finally lost thou canst not pluck from the devouring flames. They might have been saved, but it is now too late. Forever and ever is their dreadful portion. But there are those who can be saved. Send forth all thine agonizing sympathy in their behalf. Fly to their relief. Soon they will be past hope. Soon they will plunge down the awful precipice. Soon they will be numbered with the lost—the forever lost.

The price of their redemption has been paid. The Holy Spirit has been given. But one thing more of all the counsels of heaven is wanting to secure their salvation—to make sure their eternal safety. This one thing is the voluntary instrumentality of man. For the want of this, millions and millions during the last eighteen centuries, have gone down to everlasting death. Why, O why, I inquired, are the chariot

wheels delayed so long for this feeble, this worthless work of man? And again I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, "Be still and know that I am God." This instrumentality was appointed in the counsels of heaven, and that is enough. Not one jot or tittle of it shall fall to the ground. Sooner shall another eighteen centuries pass by, and all the teeming millions of each succeeding generation go down to everlasting death.

Again I stooped over to take another view of the world of ruin, and my agonizing spirit seemed to descend lower still into the depths of eternal despair. What a view did I there take of the importance of the missionary enterprize! What a view did I then have of the bleeding Lamb of God, groaning, agonizing and dying to save a lost and ruined world from hopeless despair! How did my heart at that moment, cling to that "hope, which is an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth to that within the veil." But, O the forever lost! They know nothing of this precious hope. Those teeming millions just ready to perish, know nothing of this precious hope. Who that knows aught of its worth—who that has ever stood on the borders of that world of endless woe, will not strive with all his might to save a fellow immortal from the anguish of the second death? Who, in such a work, will count his life dear unto him? Who will call aught that he has his own?

As I took my last lingering look of that dreadful place, the words of the Saviour came home to my heart with indescribable power,

“Love thy neighbor as thyself.” “Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” “Freely ye have received, freely give.”

I was led on to another scene. It was a scene at the gate of heaven, casting a sweet and glorious light over the whole subject of Missions.

There I beheld a “great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stand before the throne.” And one said to me, “These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” Then I heard the Saviour’s voice, that sweetest music of the heavenly world, saying, These are my followers—these are my dearest friends. They have known of the fellowship of my sufferings, they shall now be partakers of my joy. “Where I am there shall they be also, that they may behold my glory.” And I heard that new song, which no man could learn, but those “who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.” And as they sung, “worthy art thou for thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood,” my heart responded,

“My willing soul would stay  
In such a place as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.”

But O the forever lost, I again exclaimed! Never, O never will they unite in that new song. Never will they hear the Saviour’s blessed voice. Never will they sit under the banner of his love. O the millions ready to perish! Must they be

shut out forever from the New Jerusalem? Must they be banished forever from the Saviour's blissful presence? O who will not give his all, to save them from eternal death, and raise to eternal glory?

Here I stopped a moment to reflect on the three great scenes over which I had passed. How solemn the contemplation! What a view did I then take of the gratifications, the comforts, and even the necessities of this life, compared with the eternal interests of immortal souls.

### CHAPTER III.

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VIEW OF PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY — SCENE OF  
THE JUDGMENT — SCENE AT THE MISSIONARY  
HOUSE.

BUT I was led away to mingle in other scenes, and to receive other impressions. First I passed on to mingle in the busy scenes of our own Christian land. And the veil was lifted from mine eyes, and I saw things as they are seen by Him, with whom "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." Spread out before me, was a solemn and awful view of personal responsibility. There I beheld the momentous results, both near and remote, both visible and invisible, of all human events. Each blow that was struck, however gentle it might seem, sent a thrill of joy, or of horror, throughout the universe, as it raised an immortal soul to eternal glory, or sunk it to endless perdition. There I beheld, too, the Divine Hand, making certain the destiny of every human deed, whether it took hold on the gate of heaven, or stretched forth its fatal grasp to the lowest

depths of endless despair. There were made manifest the folly and the delusion of those, who are ever striving to secure for some of their steps, a middle path between the service of Christ, and the service of his enemy. That vast field of neutral ground in human affairs, so long, and so carefully maintained, was all divided out between the two great contending powers of eternal life, and of eternal death. There it was seen that each one's life must be given for the salvation of men, or be devoted to their eternal destruction. Every thing about me seemed written all over with the Saviour's words, "He that is not for me, is against me, and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad." The vast and solemn spectacle spread out before my vision, seemed like an immense "harp of a thousand strings," ever vibrating with the least touch of the hand, with the least breath of the lips, whose every note continued to wander onward, and onward, and ceased not, till it mingled in the songs of the New Jerusalem, or till it waked up a deep tone of wailing in the bottomless pit. O who can play with a careless, heedless hand on the chords of such a harp! Who does not tremble to live, to walk, to speak, in such a world as this? How distressing is the mere apprehension of having by accident administered a fatal cup of poison to a fellow-being! How unavailing would be the consoling words, that the same hand in a hundred other cases, had given bread to the hungry, and water to the thirsty, and clothing to the destitute! But infinitely more distressing is the almost certainty of having by neglect, or self-indulgence, de-

stroyed a never dying soul in eternal misery ! My heart exclaimed, Let the past of my life suffice in the work of death,—henceforth let me live only for the salvation of men. I looked up to the God of my salvation, and cried, Lord, grant that I may never again spend ought of my time or of my possessions without seeking guidance and direction from above—grant that I may never again spend ought of earth's treasures on myself, without the united approval of the word of God, the providence of God, and the Spirit of God.

But time hastened me away, and I passed on to another scene. It was the scene of the judgment. There I beheld the Son of man seated on his throne of glory, and all the holy angels with him. And I beheld the books as they were opened, “and the dead were to be judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.” First came an unfolding of the scenes of time, and after that was to be the judgment, and the final sentence. And I beheld a balance lifted high. It was a balance of time, in which had been weighed most of the offerings cast into the treasury of the Lord. It was a false balance, named “human discretion,” with deceitful weights, brought there to be examined, judged and condemned. It was a balance for the thoughtful and considerate, not for those who *weigh* not their doings. It was a balance, by which immortal beings had been weighed and sold,—not for trifles, but for gratifications, innocent, useful, laudable, when not compared with the deathless soul. The whole of earth's scenes passed in rapid re-

view before me. I saw provinces, kingdoms, and empires; houses, lands, and merchandize, cast into the ponderous scales, and made to outweigh an innumerable company of human beings, destined to live for ever and ever. I passed along over eighteen centuries, and I saw the countless myriads of earth's teeming inhabitants, cast into the scales, one by one, and as the price of each was found, he was sold over to eternal bondage in the prison-house of despair.

At length the spring of 1843 opened on my vision. It was a season of great struggle. It was a trying time for the missionary cause—a trying time for benevolent hearts, for tender consciences. The darkness of former ages had passed away. Money had received a new and inestimable value. The price of blood had been found. The worth of a dollar had been estimated. The pieces of silver, for which a soul on heathen shore could be bought or sold, had been calculated with almost numerical exactness. The perishing heathen had been brought, and put down at every man's door, and how could the bread of life be refused? The American Board had undertaken a great work, and the Christians of our country had pledged, that it should be carried through. The pledge for this year was far from being redeemed, and but a few weeks more were allowed for its redemption. Minds were not all blinded. Hearts were not all cold. Many a sigh, many a falling tear, plainly told that the wants of the heathen were not forgotten, and that the pledge to the American Board was still remembered. But—the times were hard. Money was scarce. And

the spring was just the time when money was most needed. This was the common season for building and rebuilding, for enlarging, for replenishing, for repairing, for purchasing; and all this could not be done without money. The great purchases of former days, no Christian asked now to make. The superfluities and luxuries of other times, no one asked now to enjoy. But then there were the comforts, the conveniences, and the necessities of life. Must these be given up? We had heard of such sacrifices for Christ's sake in other days, and in other lands. But we had not supposed, that such things could ever be known in our free, our fruitful, our rich, our glorious country. We had not looked for a return of those "hard times," which tried men's souls in the iron furnace of poverty. We had not expected a call for the Paul-like, or rather the Christ-like sacrifices of those severe and cruel days.

I saw a fearful struggle of conscience, carried forward in many a bosom over the comforts, the conveniences, and even the necessities of life. Then came the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, laden down with the treasures of earth of every name and description. They came to find a way to retain their needed stores, and to seek relief from a troubled conscience, as the heathen were turned over to everlasting death. All were cast into the great balance, each outweighing a deathless soul, and consigning it over to eternal ruin. Among others came the delicate female, bringing her various possessions, adapted to her age and condition, and as each article seemed to sign the death warrant of an immor-

tal being, her hand trembled, her spirit fainted, and she could be revived only by the comforting word, that necessity, respectability, and deference to superiors, required all this. Oh that deceitful balance for those tender consciences of 1843! Had it not been for her fatal decisions, what wonders would have been wrought even in those hard times!—what a multitude of souls would have been saved through the self denying zeal of those anxious, inquiring spirits. The call of Missions would have been met, and far more than met. The American Board would have been made to shine “forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.” Nay more, we should have seen all the seven planets in the moral system for converting the world, with all their attending satellites, urged forward in their own orbits with an unexampled velocity. But O that fatal balance of human discretion!—how unsafe to be trusted when the destiny of immortal souls is at stake.

The review went forward. At length the examination of the scenes and doings of time was over, and then came the judgment. And I saw another balance lifted high. On its polished front was engraved, “Love the Lord thy God with all thine heart. Love thy neighbor as thyself.” This was the balance of eternal truth and justice, by which are weighed, all other scales, and all other weights, and all the principles, and all the deeds of the children of men! There by the decisions of this revealer of truth, it was found, that the responsibility of the church, so much inculcated and enforced, so

much admired and loved, had often been only a creature of the imagination, while personal responsibility coming directly home to self, which had been so much neglected, overlooked and resisted, had ever been a most fearful and solemn reality. There it was proved "that there is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." And I beheld the speechless agony of those, in whose garments was found the blood of souls. There I saw many a face gather blackness, and I heard many a despairing cry; Lord, when did I destroy the souls of the heathen? And the reply was, Inasmuch as thou didst not save them, "thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." And I beheld too the unspeakable joy of those, who received the approving sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Then it was made manifest, that the system of rewards, built on the firm foundation of grace, is as real, as impartial, and as much according to the deeds done in the body, as could be any system of boasted morality. Then I heard a voice saying, what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and destroy an immortal soul?—What shall it profit a Christian father, though by his wisdom and foresight, he shall provide well for his own household, if he refuse the bread of life to the perishing heathen?—What shall it profit a Christian mother, though by her industry and discretion, she shall clothe all "her household in scarlet, in silk and in purple," if she refuse the robe of Christ's righteousness to the destitute heathen? But as I heard the last and awful sentence, "Depart ye cursed," I

turned away, and came back, again to mingle in the doings and events of time.

My next scene was in the city of the Pilgrims, in a solemn council chamber, whose door, and whose posts were written all over with the Saviour's last and great command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." It was a momentous scene. Paleness and anxiety sat on all faces. Fatal decisions were that day to be made. The members of that council had not that day convened to examine, judge and condemn a fellow man, and to commit him over to the hand of the executioner. No. They had met to sign the death warrant of immortal beings, and to consign them over to the agonies of the second death. Mercy seemed to cry, Stay thine hand, spare the stroke; but justice cried, The will of the people must be done. The will of the people has been done for eighteen centuries in sending millions of millions to endless despair. The will of the people shall still be done, for that is the decree of heaven. The decisions of the American churches must be executed; the will of the individual members of these churches shall be done; what they are sowing they shall reap, and they shall have their reward.

In the midst of this trying scene, I did rejoice, though with agony of spirit, that God had raised up men, who would stand by the principles of eternal justice—that hitherto he had given them strength for every trying hour. I prayed, that he would still sustain them by his almighty arm—that he would ever keep them from turning aside to the right hand, or to the

left. Though every missionary station should be clad in mourning, and every missionary heart be filled with anguish, I could pray, that they might ever preserve the vital principle from the fatal ravages of an accumulating debt. Who that is saved from sitting in such a council, and from passing such decisions, shall think it too much to give of his money, or even of the bread from his table?

But I waited not the result. I could not hear the final sentence? As I passed away, my heart exclaimed, Must this be? Must these waiting prisoners of hope be sentenced to that dreadful, that hopeless, that eternal prison of despair? Cannot one hundred thousand dollars be raised at once, and sent to the spot, before the fatal mandate shall have gone forth through the length and breadth of this wide world? Is there no hope? Where are the marks of poverty which justify such a conclusion? Famine has not laid his grasping hand on our gnawing vitals? Pestilence is not walking through our streets, destroying the stay and the staff—the husband and the father, and the widow's only son. War is not abroad in the midst of us, seizing upon our young men, and taking away our possessions—clothing our fields with barrenness, and filling our shops and our counting rooms with desolation. Have we not all food to eat and to spare, and raiment to put on? If money is scarce, shall not our wants be made to be few? If the times are hard, shall we not manifest that we believe it, by living on coarser fare, and by clothing ourselves in coarser apparel? If the community, if the church as such,

can resist this call, are not individuals to be found who will meet it in all its urgent claims? Is there not power sufficient in personal responsibility, resting on the hearts of a few individuals to accomplish the work? Cannot a few be found who can rejoice to be made partakers of Christ's sufferings for such a cause as this, and at such a time as this?

## CHAPTER IV.

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THE GOD COVETOUSNESS BECOMING AN ADVOCATE FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS—LABORS OF COVETOUSNESS.

BUT I heard the footsteps of an enemy in the camp—of a deceitful foe, who had found his way into the very heart of the community. It was the idolatry of the Christian dispensation. It was the god of this world, named by the Holy Ghost, “Covetousness.” He was clad in a beautiful robe of symmetrical proportions; he was well skilled in the philosophy and logic of this world, and his words were smoother than oil. By vain philosophy, by smooth words, and fair speeches, he was able to blind the minds of many, that they should believe a lie, and he attempted even to cast a mist over the moral vision of some of the Solomons of our day. He could transform himself into an angel of light, and he could put on every garb, from that of Milton’s cherub youth, to that of the highest, and boldest archangel before the throne. He was a friend of every cause, and he could become

an agent of every enterprise. He now appeared as an advocate for Foreign Missions. There was a call for special effort, and he came to proffer his assistance in carrying it forward. His grand point, to be gained in behalf of the cause, was to subvert personal responsibility, and substitute in its stead, the responsibility of the church, and the responsibility of a neighbor. Whether he employed the words of truth or falsehood, it was all alike to him, provided his end could be attained. In war, his secret lay in the ambush. In this case, his policy was to divide, and draw off the attention, and disperse responsibility. He presented a crafty mixture of truth and falsehood, of valuable principles, and subjects of mere speculation. He furnished such a variety of subjects for thought, and topics for conversation, that few had any time for serious reflection on duty, on the worth of the soul, and on the realities of a coming retribution.

I beheld this advocate, as he went forward with his labors. His public appeals in behalf of Missions were warm and spirited. His censures on the apathy of the church, were loud and vociferous. He made an eloquent speech on the extravagances and luxuries of the age, and on the vast imports and expenditures of the nation. He entered into a labored and exact calculation of the ability and resources of the church. He proved to the entire satisfaction of his hearers, that there was wealth enough in the country,—that the work could all be accomplished without the least self denial of a single individual. Just look, he said, at the vast amount worse than thrown away on our Congress, on our State Legislatures,

and on our navy, and in every other department of government. Just look at the sums expended annually on the articles of rum, wine, and brandy—of tea, sugar, and coffee—of silks, laces, and ribbons, and of a thousand other things, a mere fraction of which, would sustain the whole cause of Missions.

Missions, he remarked, must be sustained; but then the burden should not all be laid on a few, while so many were left to do nothing. People must be reasonable; no one could do more than he was able to do. A man could not give what he did not possess. The willing hearted must take care about committing themselves. If they assumed a burden, others would let them bear it.

With every other observer of human events, he was aware, he said, that there must ever be a falling off somewhere of the Missionary receipts—that among the subscriptions of one year, there must be many failures the next—some from deaths, some from great losses, and some from apostacy. He believed too, that it was the imperious duty of the *church* to make up such deficiencies. But then he would not have all the burden sustained by those, who had already done much more than their proportion. There were many abundantly able, who had never done any thing for the cause. Such ought now to come forward liberally, and make up for past remissness in duty. He could point to a hardy farmer of three score years and ten, who once in his life gave a fourpence to a missionary, because he was going to Jerusalem. That man could give five thousand dollars better than not. The deed would only relieve him of a part of his insup-

portable burden of possessions. He believed, that some missionary agent, by spending time enough, and strength enough, might possibly convince that man, and make him give his five thousand. In case of failure, there would be the satisfaction of having tried.

This friend of Missions was a great admirer of Providence. Help would be raised up from some quarter. He believed, that the cause was safe in the hands of Providence. There, he said, were those princely possessions. How easy would it be for God to convert the owners, and bring their willing offerings into the treasury of the Lord. Then *there* was that rich merchant, for whose conversion, his wife had been praying for twenty years. How easy would it be for God to answer those prayers, and open wide that man's heart, and hands in behalf of Missions. Besides, *there* were all the converts of the past year. We might safely calculate on their aid in this time of necessity. He had been observing the leadings of Providence, and he had the greatest confidence, that the pledge to Missions would be fully redeemed before the financial year should close. He did not think that any one need be anxious about it, or that any one would have occasion to bear any heavy burden in carrying it through.

Our advocate for Missions had great versatility of genius, and great fluency of speech. With the greatest facility, he could change his position to meet all circumstances of time and place. At one time, I saw him walking through the streets of the city, descanting on the ability of the *country* to meet the present exi-

gency. The pressure was not felt there as it was in the city. It was true, that the farmer could not realize as much money in exchange for his produce; but on the other hand, he did not now need as much. When the scales were turned, and he became the buyer instead of the seller, all was made even and equal again. At another time, I saw him pleading the cause before the owners of a manufacturing establishment. He was as decided as ever, that the present necessities of the missionary cause must be met. But he thought, that all extra effort should be made by those best able to do it. He was very eloquent in exhibiting the felicity of the merchant's condition, compared with that of the manufacturer, who could not now, with his utmost skill, keep his capital good. He talked wisely about the tariff, and many a kindred subject, all proving that it plainly belonged to the merchant, rather than to the manufacturer, to make extra effort. Again, I saw him riding over the hills, and through the valleys of the country, declaiming against the extravagance of city life, and city style. Here was the grand obstacle to the progress of Missions. The wealth of the city was sufficient to accomplish any thing, and every thing. Let the people there just give up their extravagance, and live as they do in the country, and there would be no more lack of funds for benevolent objects. He knew a good man in Boston, who in addition to his liberal regular donations, had just given one thousand dollars extra, to meet the present necessities of the missionary cause. He knew too, that this thousand dollars had cost him great self-denial, great effort, and great

care. With the approbation of his wife and daughters, they were to relinquish their usual summer journey. Besides this, his early watch and care, his increased labors and assiduity in his business, and his anxious midnight thoughts, which the farmer knows not of, all testified, that it was no easy matter for him to make out that thousand dollars. But notwithstanding all this, he could now just exchange his house for another, and sell off his carpets and mirrors, and then he would be able to give another thousand without the least difficulty.

At one time, I saw this same advocate for Missions come into an assembly composed entirely of men, who were discussing this subject. There he was very eloquent in praise of female sympathy, female piety, and female benevolence. Woman, he said, was last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre, and she had ever been first in every good work. There was scarcely a female in the land, who was not now either knitting, or sewing for the cause. Woman was fruitful in invention; what she undertook, she always accomplished. While the Board had so many warm hearted, faithful friends, there was nothing to fear. Man had only to go forward in the even tenor of his way, and give about as he had done. All that was extra, he might safely commit over to the industry, the ingenuity, and the benevolence of the other sex.

Again I saw him seated in a circle of females. They were relating, one by one, the various difficulties in their missionary efforts, and comparing their condition with the more easy lot of

the other sex, who had all the money under their own control. With all their toils, and all their self-denying zeal, the little sum, which they could raise, would avail nothing in so great an enterprise. It was a serious question, whether it would not be wise to give up their efforts, and commit the whole work over to the other sex. Just at that moment, he proffered his kind advice. He should not favor so rash a step as was last proposed. The cause of Missions needed female sympathy, and female prayers. It would be well to sustain their sewing societies, and to endeavor to keep up an interest. Woman ought in some way to do a *little*—just enough to open her heart, and secure her prayers. But no one ought to look to her to meet extra calls. He thought it the height of folly and injustice, to make such efforts, as were made in some places, to beg money of women and children, who had nothing of their own, and who were entirely dependent on their husbands, and fathers. The cause of Missions must be sustained—the present necessities must be met. But this was the appropriate work of men. A man at the head of his own business, knew far better what he could do, than did his wife and daughters. Besides, if he did not do his duty, they were not responsible for it.

In all his various positions, he was but too successful in his delusive wiles. The imploring voice of benevolence was often neglected and turned aside, while the words of this enemy in the camp, found ready access to the attentive mind, and to the willing heart. O where, I exclaimed, is the remembrance of the Saviour's

dying love? O where is the remembrance of that eternity, where all the inhabitants of earth will soon find their everlasting and unchangeable home? O where is the remembrance of that day of final account, where together the tempters and the tempted, will meet their trying and solemn sentence from their righteous judges?

## CHAPTER V.

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LABORS OF COVETOUSNESS CONTINUED—CONVENTION OF THE LABORING AND UNEDUCATED CLASSES—RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITTLE MOUNTAIN HOME.

BUT the labors of this enemy in the garb of a friend still went on. I next met him in a large promiscuous assembly of both sexes of the avowed friends of Missions. The discussions of the day were to be closed by a subscription in behalf of the cause. It was a professed convention of the laboring and uneducated classes. The invitations given out to attend this convention, had, however, been rather partial. The managers had designedly left out some, lest their influence and example should cast more light, than their eyes were then prepared to endure. Among those passed by in these invitations, were the intelligent and generous farmer, the liberal and benevolent mechanic, and the widow with her two mites—and many others of kindred spirit, found on the hills, in the valleys, and between the granite rocks of New England, and scattered over the fertile fields of the Empire State,

and of the Great Valley, and dispersed over the extended plains of every other State and Territory of the Union. These were "nature's noblemen," made nobler still by the spirit and power of the gospel; and no wonder, that they were excluded from a convention of men, who had always feared the influence of the nobility. In dress and manners, there was a great dissimilarity in this audience, and yet there were important principles of sympathy and union. Our advocate made no set speech in this assembly. His remarks were all colloquial and desultory. He gave some gentle hints against learning, and learned men. He made some remarks of doubtful meaning about the salaries of ministers, and their power over the people, and about the payment of agents. He introduced some ambiguous insinuations concerning the management of the missionary enterprise, and the mode of expending money on some of the stations. He spoke of donations to this cause, as a kind of favor conferred on its officers, and on the ministers of the gospel, who were most active in its service. He seemed to regard the duty of carrying forward the missionary enterprise, as particularly belonging to this class of men, forgetting the condemnation of the unprofitable servant, who hid his one talent in the earth.

But the discussions were soon over, and then our advocate begged the privilege of carrying around the subscription paper, that he might facilitate the work, and advise and comfort his friends. He first came to a sturdy farmer, whose possessions amounted to about one hundred acres. I did not expect as much of him, as I

should of a liberal minded man, to say nothing of benevolence. But as he was a professor of religion, he cannot, I said, do less on this occasion, than twenty-five cents to an acre, so we shall be sure of twenty-five dollars. But really it fell so much below, that I should blush to mention the sum.

He next came to a professedly *poor* man, whose estate consisted of a half acre of land, and a little cottage. He had been whispering over the matter with his wife, and as the paper came along, he put down seventy-five cents, adding that a poor man had enough to do to take care of himself. It was well known, however, that that poor man and his wife allowed themselves many a luxury, which was not found on the table of their more self-denying pastor.

I next saw the paper passing into the hands of a young man of athletic form, and noble countenance, who must, thought I, possess that liberal heart, so often found in young men of that appearance. But his downcast look plainly told of regrets for the past, which were revolving in his breast. He wished, that he could be liberal on this occasion. Poor man, he had lost so many days from his work during the last winter by sleigh rides and parties, and he had been so generous with all, especially to the other sex, that he had been able to lay aside but little for this important occasion. But a sudden lifting up of his head, and a sparkling of his eye, revealed the desires of his heart, and the noble purposes, which were forming in his soul. He gave strong indications, that there was a spirit within, which needed only encouragement and

sympathy, to burst forth into all its cheering and comforting influence. In a moment, he seemed to come to himself. He remembered his covenant obligations. He remembered that Saviour, whom he professed to love, and to follow. I heard him whisper a vow, that when another sleigh-riding winter should come, he would remember, and lay aside for the cause of Missions. Though he viewed it as noble indeed, to be generous in the things of this life, he then felt, that it was far more noble, and far more glorious, to be generous in the cause of Christ, and for the salvation of souls.

He soon came with his paper to a lady of very gay attire, with her daughter by her side. She wrote down a figure three. Stop, said I, involuntarily, the lady, by mistake, has omitted the cypher at the right hand, for surely, thought I, if she has the least taste for the beauty of proportions, to say nothing more, she cannot allow a sum less than thirty dollars to stand beside her rich apparel. But I found myself mistaken to my great embarrassment, and I enquired into her history. She was a widow, and supported herself and daughter by her needle. But many a one in like circumstances, with her skilful needle, would have been a Dorcas indeed, dexterously using it in its most delightful work of making coats and garments for the needy. But the sequel of her story was told in her dress, and that of her daughter. She early took a strange fancy, that to bring her daughter forward in the world, was the grand end of life. To this she sacrificed her all. From month to month, she spent all her earnings

in striving to prove herself equal in one thing at least to her more affluent neighbor, like a silly dove, who begged, that she might exchange her own beautiful, and well-fitted wings for those of the peacock, in which she could neither walk nor fly. The mystery was now all explained, and the awkward position of the small sum of three dollars, beside that rich attire, was made plain and intelligible.

The paper passed on to another female of about twenty years of age. In dress, she did not fall much below the one just described. But I had learned to distrust appearances, and I waited to know her history. She was the eldest daughter of a Green Mountain farmer, who lived on a moderate scale, but who, in true independent simplicity, was very willing to support his own daughters at home. There she might have lived in a neat and simple style, enjoying the country school, and the village library. There she might have lived to fan the flame on their little missionary altar, to throw the increasing power of her influence over all the younger children, and to surround the hearts of her kind parents with her cheering words and affectionate smiles. But when she was about sixteen, the daughter of a far poorer neighbor returned from our principal manufacturing village, dressed out in silks and laces, and bringing such a report of the fairy-land, that her young heart could not resist the inducement of becoming her companion. So she forsook her beautiful "mountain home," and all its rural sweets, and left behind her all those warm and loving hearts, that she might know the luxury of that "outward adorning of plaiting

the hair, of wearing of gold, and of putting on of apparel." What an immense sacrifice did she make at the shrine of vanity. No wonder, that she could offer up at the same shrine, the missionary spirit, which her good mother had been endeavoring to kindle in her bosom. No wonder, that she was able to lay aside but little in her missionary purse for this important occasion. Whatever may be laudable for others less favored, who, thought I, can ever be made willing to exchange a beautiful mountain home, and an ample sphere of domestic usefulness, and domestic happiness for a more lucrative situation within the walls of a manufactory?

As I cast my eye on the dress and appearance of the last two, I was strongly reminded by contrast of another widow, whom I knew and loved forty years ago, and of her "mountian home." She was not rich in the treasures of earth. Her little farm was surely not more to her in providing for her seven, than was that skilful needle in providing for the one. But want, at *that* "mountain home," was made to walk so fairly, and so gracefully within that little circle of means, that she had always room enough, and to spare to a more restricted neighbor. I can now see that loved widow, just as I did in the days of my childhood. She is a little less than forty years of age, and her complexion is as fair, and her forehead as noble, and as lofty as on her bridal day. Now she is in that sweet little garden, which needs only to be seen to be loved. Now she is surveying the work of the hired man, and her little son, on that wild romantic little farm, made one would think more to feast the

soul, than to feed the body. But almost always she was to be found busy, both early and late, amid her household cares, and amid the culture of the olive plants around her table. In that little domain, nothing was left to take its own way. Every thing was made to yield to her faithful and diligent hand. It was no mistake of that good-hearted neighbor, who came in one day, begging the privilege of setting a plant of rare virtues in a corner of her garden, because, as he said, *there* it could never die. The roses, the pinks, and the peonies, those old fashioned flowers, which keep time with Old Hundred, could no where grow so fresh, and so sweet as in that little garden. And no where else have I ever seen wild strawberries, in such profusion and richness, as were gathered into those little baskets. Never were rareripes so large and so yellow, and never were peaches so delicious and so fair, as grew on the trees of that little farm. The apples too, contrived to ripen before all others, so as to meet in sweet fellowship with peaches and plums, to entertain the aunts and the cousins.

I can now see that little mountain home with its sweet little rivulet, finding its way among rocks, and cliffs, and hillocks, and deep craggy dells. Then just beyond the precincts of that family domain, was that "top of the hill," crowned by its high rolling rock, ever inviting the enterprise of each aspiring heart. Every one was amply repaid, who would climb that steep hill, and ascend that high rock. There might be seen the far-off mountains in all their grandeur, and the deep valleys, and widely extended

plains, and more than all, that little village below, containing only a very few white houses, but more than those young eyes had ever yet seen. But sweetest of all, through a mile or more, to that village church, was that wild winding way, traversed each Sabbath morning by that little group, while the family poney gave the mother her horseback ride. There, too, in winter, was that little sleigh, packed so snugly, and gliding so gently, over that same winding way, to that same little church.

At that little mountain home, every want was promptly and abundantly met by the bounties of summer, and by the providence for winter. The autumnal stores, so nicely sorted and arranged, always travelled hand in hand through the long winter, like the barrel of meal and the cruise of oil. The apples came out fresh in the spring, and the maple sugar, that most important grocery of that little neighborhood, was never known to fail, till the warm sun on the sparkling snow, gave delightful indications, that sugar days were near. When gathered around that simple table, no one desired a richer supply than was furnished by the hand of that dear mother. The simple school day dress too, so neat and so clean, was amply sufficient in view of those young minds, while the rare gift of the Sunday suit, kept expressly for the occasion, formed an important era in the life of the possessor, and was remembered with grateful smiles for many days to come. The children of that household, thus abundantly supplied, never thought of being dependent or depressed. They felt, that their father had laid up for them a rich store in grate-

ful hearts, and among the treasures which will never decay, and that their mother, who was considered in all that little neighborhood, a sort of presiding angel of good works, was continually adding to those stores. I can now remember just the appearance of that woman, who had a numerous household to clothe, as she said one day, how is it, that the widow can do more for me than any one else?

But I remember the sorrows, as well as the joys, and the labors of that loved widow, that dearest friend of my young heart. On the twenty-first of last December, about noon, the days of forty long years were just numbered and finished, since death came to that "mountain home," and took away that affectionate husband, that kindest of fathers. That dying scene in that retired "north room" of that little dwelling, I can never forget. How mournful was the contrast between that clear mid-day sun and those sorrowing hearts, those bursting sighs, and those flowing tears. Those last faltering words, "My dear children—what shall I say to you, my children—God bless you, my children," have not yet died away on my ear. Then came the funeral, which gathered all that little neighborhood around that mourning circle. Gently was it whispered by one and another, "We have all lost a friend—the peacemaker is gone." How deep were those weeds of mourning shrouding that family. Even the plaintive tones of the little one, but just able to lisp her father's name, were oft and long repeated by kind hearted neighbors. Then came that first cold winter of widowhood. How mournfully did that

cheerful fire blaze on the domestic hearth, as they gathered around that bereaved family altar. What child of that household could ever forget those extraordinary prayers of that sorrowing mother for the salvation of her fatherless children, as they were offered up day by day through all that long, cold winter? Before that mourning day came, the eldest, while yet a little girl, professed to love the God of her fathers. As the remaining six were gathered into the kingdom one by one, all before they had passed the years of their youth, that mother failed not to refer to her own agonizing prayers, during that first winter of her widowhood. But that mother is gone, and most of the seven are gone. Together they are gathered home to their peaceful rest. Only a remnant remains to talk of that sweet "mountain home," of that bereaving December, of that afflicted family altar, and of those never-to-be-forgotten prayers.

How sweet did I find it, once more to commune with the days of my childhood—once more to linger around the dearest scenes of that loved spot, long since laid up among the cherished jewels of memory's most sacred casket. There, at that "mountain home," growing on the perennial stalk of great principles, I thought I could see, even through a veil of forty years, the buddings of sentiments, of customs, and of habits, which, if spread over the country, and fanned by the gentle breezes of intelligence, of influence, and of Christian sympathy, might produce a rich and abundant harvest for the treasury of the Lord. In the vast work of converting the world to God, how immensely important is

the aid of that great mass of the community, to whom wealth can never come, for there has not been wealth enough created, to suffice one in a hundred of all their number. O that simplicity, and taste, and intelligence, and influence, might all lend their aid in fitting them for their great work. In this vast field, a mighty tree of power, has struck deep its roots, and its rising and extending branches, are rapidly spreading over all the land. In watering its roots and in nourishing it in its growth, how momentous is the responsibility of every one, to whom God has given a controlling mind, a controlling heart, or a controlling position. In such a place, who does not tremble, as, in the encouragement of principles and customs, he beholds his own example, extending downward and upward, till it reaches the minutest fibres of the lowest roots, and the smallest twigs of the topmost boughs. Among the many thousand customs and fashions, which are introduced year by year, from which all may select, what Christian of piety, and of intelligent influence, cannot, and will not resist every one at variance with taste, with comfort, with propriety, and with Christian liberality? I would that the true spirit of gospel sympathy, and of gospel benevolence, as exhibited in the life and example of our blessed Redeemer, and as enjoined so frequently, and so tenderly on his followers, might be rocked in every cradle of maternal affection, and dandled on every knee of a father's love. I would that it might live in the smiles of the nursery, and find a place of controlling power around every family table, and around every family altar. I would that it might be the motto, and the reward, and the

presiding genius in every school room in the land, and that it might be present in every domestic scene, and in every social circle. I would that it might form the silken cords of enduring friendship, and the strong bands, uniting the hearts, the hands, and the lives of neighbors, of communities, and of the whole nation.

## CHAPTER VI.

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LABORS OF COVETOUSNESS CONTINUED—HIS  
SPEECH BEFORE A LITERARY ASSEMBLY—RE-  
PLY OF DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.

But in my journey's and travels, I continued to hear the sound of the footsteps, and to witness the labors of Covetousness. I met him at a great meeting, which he had long been expecting, and for which he had long been preparing. It was convened by special invitation in the most spacious hall in the country. Both sexes were there, though the proportion of females was very small. It was composed of those powers, which bear rule over the dominions of mind—of those spirits, whose business it is to commune with minds, and with hearts, instead of holding perpetual communings with dollars, and with cents, and with eating, and drinking, and putting on of apparel. Of this class, however, invitations were extended only to the professed friends of Missions. It was a great missionary meeting for the investigation of duty. Ministers of the gospel, officers and agents of our benevolent as-

sociations, professors in our colleges and theological seminaries, editors of our various periodical publications, and the makers of our books, composed a large part of the audience. Besides, there were many from the departments of law and medicine, and not a few of civilians of the day, and of the rulers over the land. Then there was a mixed class, who by some means, came to share in the reign over the vast realm of mind. Some of this class obtained this right by hereditary decent, some by personal merit, and some by the favor of friends. Last, but not least, was a great body of teachers of youth of both sexes. As might be expected, some of the wives of the gentlemen came in under the wing of their husbands, and occasionally a mother in Israel was admitted too, as she entered, leaning on the gentle arm of an affectionate son in the gospel. It was an august assembly, though not exactly splendid or magnificent. Our advocate had a written address for this occasion. He had laid out all his strength to meet the demands of his audience. His whole discourse was so learned, and his composition so beautifully finished, that I found it difficult to remember much of it, and I shall find it still more difficult to relate it. I shall only attempt to gather up a few of the leading thoughts, leaving behind all the learning, and all the beauties of style.

In a truly philosophic manner, he laid the foundation of his subject in a collection of facts. He was careful to adhere strictly to truth in all his statements, as the experience of those present would readily detect any error. In this part of his discourse, his grand object was to ex-

hibit the vast indebtedness of the world to the members of his audience. The honored gentlemen present, whose office it was to rule over the dominions of mind, had sacrificed time, money, strength, ease, and all for the good of mankind, who often knew not, or cared not for all their self denying zeal, and for all their unwearied and unrequited labors. He could scarcely put his finger on a man of wealth, he said, in all that vast assembly ; and yet who had power more than they, to monopolize wealth, if they were disposed so to do ?

He gave a very just and accurate description of the minister's life, all illustrating the grand argument of his discourse, that the world was vastly indebted to the honored members of his audience. Just look, he said, at his limited salary, proverbial throughout the whole generous world. If possessions are found in his hands, every one knows, that they are of hereditary descent. And what are his labors, his toils, and his self-denying zeal in return ? A minister, who expects others to know, or appreciate his labors and toils, cannot, he remarked, have been long in the field. Who knows or cares for that exhaustion of mind, which bids defiance to sleep, as he has just finished his second long sermon for the Sabbath ? What man ever takes time to multiply the pastoral calls at his own house, by the number of families under the care of his beloved minister, that he may know how to meet him with a smile, inquiring how he could come so soon again, instead of reproving him for staying away so long ? What man, that spends one or two long hours in

his pastor's study, talking about anything, and every thing, but the matter in hand, thinks of inquiring how sermons could be written, if every man in the church should take the same liberty? Who thinks any sympathy due to his pastor for chaining his mind away from his sermon for a whole half day, to examine and recommend the teachers for the coming season? Who thinks of casting a compassionate look on his minister, as he sits in the chair of state, as the inspector and examiner of the school? He strives with untold effort to put on the cheerful smile, and to assume the sparkling eye, which the importance of the occasion demands. But who knows aught of that exhaustion, which is now weighing down his spirits, enough to forbid an animated look under the most powerful blaze of eloquence? What two men, who shall choose to enter into a quarrel, and bring it into the church, knows aught of the vast expenditure of settling it by a council, which shall consume the precious time of all the ministers in the region for a whole week? With such a life of toil, and with such a salary, who could ever expect that a clergyman would put his hand into his own purse to meet the calls of charity? But what was the fact? He could prove from unquestioned statistics, that for the last thirty years, no class of men had given as much for the cause of benevolence in proportion to their income, as had the ministers of the gospel. From all these facts, there was an inference, he said, of vast importance—an inference convincing in its power, just in its claims, and imperious in its demands. From this inference, he believed not one in the

hearing of his voice, would be able to escape. But for this, he should refer his audience to another part of the discourse, where he should present the conclusion of the whole argument.

He next drew a picture of the teacher's life. Many he allowed had entered this office from unworthy motives, and without suitable qualifications, who deserved not the name, or the place. But as none but *real* teachers had been invited to this meeting, his audience would understand how to make application of his remarks. He rejoiced, that so many noble souls were that day present, who had condescended to withstand the under-bidding of many an ignoramus, and to keep their stations, still honoring and blessing the world. He gave a true and graphic description of their toils, their labors, and their self denying zeal, and of the mere apology for a salary, which was sometimes offered them, and above all of their liberal hearts, and liberal hands in the cause of benevolence. The application as before, was reserved for another part of the discourse.

He next proceeded to various other departments in the wide dominions of power over mind, setting forth the value of their labors in behalf of an ungrateful world. Some of these stations, he was aware, had been entered from unworthy and lucrative motives, but he believed, that in such cases, the occupants usually found very soon, that they had quite mistaken their calling. He did not fear giving offence in this remark, as none of that description had been invited to this meeting. Still, he kept closely in the path of truth, and I never was more strongly im-

pressed with the fact, that in every department, learning, influence, and power over mind, can be used to great advantage in the cause of benevolence.

He finished the first part of his subject, and then proceeded to the application and the conclusion. In this part of his address, he had but one leading thought, but this he so enlarged, applied and illustrated, that it occupied more than half his discourse. His grand inference was announced in the following words ; “ Justice and equality require, that the members of this assembly should now do less, inasmuch as they have ever done vastly more than their proportion.” His great object was to discourage them from a continued and increasing course of self-denying action in the cause of benevolence, especially in the department of raising funds. They were called upon, he said, by all the facts, just adduced, to consider their doings, and to retrace their steps. Self respect, and the dignity of their station demanded this. Due regard to their own happiness, and to the happiness of their families required it. To what would that august body soon come, if they should go on, advancing in their unjust and unequal system of benevolence, as they had been doing for a few years past ? To what a state of meanness too, would all the rest of the world be reduced, not having enough left them even to foster the spirit of generosity ? How long would this honorable body be able to stand up before the world as wise men—as men worthy to bear rule over the dominions of mind ? They would soon prove themselves to be among “ the foolish things of the world,” and among

“the weak things of the world,” and among “the base things of the world,” and among “the things which are despised.” They would soon prove themselves to be of all men the most foolish, and of all men “the most miserable.” He considered it ridiculous indeed, that those men, who had already done much more than their proportion, should continue to do more and more, just as if they had not discernment enough, to know what belonged to themselves, and what belonged to others.

During all the first part of his discourse, there was the most profound attention. His statements, all true to life, met a ready response from his audience. The universal smile of approbation, passing over that vast assembly, often seemed like the waving leaves of a mighty forest. But on the first announcement of his grand inference, the scene was changed. Some still smiled with approbation, as his words still found a response in their hearts. Others smiled with contempt, and others with pity, while some sat in breathless agony, as if they were beholding the martyrdom of their dearest friends, for whom they had given their lives, and their all.

As he took his seat, a few beckoned a reply from their modest, but warm hearted friend, “Disinterested Benevolence,” who was seated in a retired part of the hall. As he rose from his seat, his unassuming manners, strongly reminded me of a distinguished friend of the missionary cause. In his appearance, he gave no certain proof, that he even belonged to the literary world, and yet there was nothing about him, which would render it improbable that he might

be the most learned man in the country. He bore just those non-distinctive marks, which not unfrequently characterize men, whose expansion of mind, and largeness of heart, seem to carry them far above all other minds, and all other hearts. He commenced with a low voice, seeming to invite us to listen, but as he proceeded, it increased to a melodious fullness and sweetness, which must have charmed the ear, though it had delivered words in an unknown tongue.

He should detain the audience, he said, but a few moments. He had no set speech to make. He never assumed the attitude of an opponent. He could not wear that armor, any more than David could a coat of mail. He should not have risen on this occasion, and before this audience, except in behalf of a few of his warm, and most devoted friends, whose principles, and course of life had at least been called in question.

He disagreed, he said, with the last speaker, only on one point. But that one point was of infinite importance, lying at the very foundation of the gospel. The difference of opinion between us, he remarked, must rest on this simple question; Is the gospel a system of justice, of merit, and of reward?—or is it a system of mercy, and of grace? If the former, then may we begin to talk of going back, of standing still, of doing less, because we have done so much. But if the latter be true, if the gospel is really a system of grace, of favor to the guilty, of mercy to the undeserving, then there is no place to stand still, no place to return back. Freely we have received, freely we must give. How much shall we give? How much have we received?

How freely shall we give? How freely have we received? Shall we give our richest treasures? We have received the richest treasure of the heavenly world, even the only begotten Son, who was in the bosom of the Father.

He objected, as he had said before, only to the *inference* of the discourse. He was happy to admit, that it contained a collection of important and valuable facts. He could testify to all, which had been said on the vast indebtedness of the world to his respected audience. Nay more, there were those present, who had done far more than words could express. He had the honor of being their personal friend. He knew their history. He did not appeal to statistics, for statistics would not tell one half of the truth. If he should attempt to tell one half which he knew of them, his veracity would be called in question. He would, that modesty would allow him, but this once, to speak—that she would allow him, but this once, to present those dear friends to this audience by their names, and by their works. We should hear no more of being weary in well-doing—no more of going back—no more of standing still—no more of doing less, that others may do their part.

He could, if he might, point to a beloved brother in the gospel ministry, who had long been able uniformly to say, in heart and in life, “I will very gladly spend and be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved.” He could point to another of kindred spirit. He had oftener listened with great interest to his urgent appeals, and to his imploring entreaties in behalf of the great enter-

prise for the world's conversion. All of his flock, from the oldest to the youngest, felt that he was a living epistle of all, for which he was striving in their behalf. He had often seen the spirit of praying to be excused, put to shame in his presence, and the voice of cavilling, compelled to be silent. To his beloved church, he had need only to say, "Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in *me*, do." He could point, he said, to a teacher, whose labors, and cares, and self-denying zeal, he should not attempt to relate, and in the division of whose salary, the part ever found for the treasury of the Lord, he should not undertake to specify. He could point, too, to an aged mother in Israel, under whose hospitable banner he had often sat with great delight. He had known what it was to be neglected, and despised, and to be trodden in the dust, and to be left wounded, and bleeding, and helpless. Then it was, that this dear friend of his heart came to his relief, and with her own hand, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and then took him to her own house. He had been hungry, and she had given him meat, thirsty, and she had given him drink, a stranger, and she had taken him in, naked, and she had clothed him, sick and in prison, and she had visited him. He could point, also, to a younger friend, who was fast following in the same footsteps. Her husband, a minister of the gospel, and a dear friend of his, had, according to the practice of some wise men, committed to her care and discretion, the disposal of his salary, and all the family purse. He had been an eye

witness, he said, of her stewardship. He had seen her intelligence and superior education, her refinement and taste, all put in requisition, in providing, on the one hand, for the comfort of her household, and on the other for the treasury of the Lord. This very morning, he beheld those grateful tears of tenderest affection, in return for a generous purse, brought forward for this occasion. Her husband then felt, that truly his confidence had not been misplaced, and that he had "obtained favor of the Lord."

But modesty, he said, would not allow him to proceed. But this morning's call on those dear friends—or those blessed spirits, he could never forget. He found them at their devotions. The fire was glowing on their missionary altar. They came from that altar to this meeting. They brought the missionary cause on their hearts, with all its present wants. They brought, too, all their personal responsibility, weighing down their spirits. He could now see them scattered through this vast assembly, as they were bowing their heads, beneath the oppressive load. One word like going back, like standing still, like being satisfied with present attainments in the missionary work, was like a barbed arrow to their bleeding hearts. He would not throw that barbed arrow. He would, that he might bind up those bleeding hearts. He would, that he might pour into them the oil of consolation. He would administer that sweetest cordial, encouragement to go on in their self-denying work. He would have them run the race, and gain the prize. He would have them fight the good fight, and finish their course, and obtain

the crown. He would not stop them in their onward path. He would not stay them in their upward flight.

It had been said, that the members of his audience had done more than other men. That was indeed true. But well might those men, who were appointed to rule over the dominions of mind, become more able, and more willing, to spend and be spent in its service, than were other men. Well might those dear friends of his, labor more, and give more to save souls from death, than did any other individuals, for they knew more of its worth. Well might they deny themselves more to extend the triumphs of the cross, for they could behold glories in the great work of redemption, which other eyes had never seen. Well might they do more to light up the lamp of hope in benighted minds than others could, for they knew more of that precious hope, which is like an anchor to the soul. Well might they labor more to lead the lost and perishing to the foot of the cross, for they knew more of the sweetness of pardoning mercy, and of the unspeakable preciousness of the dying love of Christ. He believed, that in the great and self-denying work of saving a lost and guilty world, it was emphatically true, that "unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance, but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

As I left this assembly, my heart was filled with gratitude, that so much of the savor of life was found in the pathway of human knowledge, and in the walks of science and literature. Here I have long seen a precious bud of promise,

comforting the heart, sustaining the spirits, and encouraging hope in the darkest hour. I would, that the time might speedily be hastened, when the little leaven, which is scarcely yet visible to many eyes, may spread and increase, till the whole shall be leavened. I would, that the feeblest among them might become as David, and the house of David, as the angel of the Lord.

## CHAPTER VII.

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LABORS OF COVETOUSNESS CONTINUED — HIS  
NEWSPAPER ARTICLE — HIS PERSONAL ADVICE  
TO FRIENDS.

BUT the labors of Covetousness were not yet finished. I next met with a long newspaper article from his pen. He commenced by remarking, that he could not close his labors in behalf of this cause, without giving his decided testimony in favor of public, rather than of private and individual conscience—in favor of public, rather than of private and personal responsibility. In his view, there would be vastly more dignity and magnificence in some great plan, which could be applied to the whole church, than in that personal and individual self denial and effort, by which Missions had hitherto been sustained. After travelling through the whole country, he was satisfied, that want of union was the grand obstacle to the success of Missions. Nothing could be done effectually, while the church was so divided about the mode of doing it. He brought forward a wise plan for meeting the whole case, and for reconciling all parties.

It was to make out an exact estimate, and assign to each church member his exact proportion. There would be a difficulty in estimating the value of each man's property, and there would be great danger of equivocation, as was often the case in collecting the minister's salary. To meet this difficulty, and to save time and trouble, he proposed to make an estimate on individuals, without distinction of circumstances. It would be so small a sum for each, that it could be made out without difficulty. He entered into an exact calculation of the number of cents, that each must give, to raise the hundred thousand dollars now needed by the American Board of Missions. This could be done by every one. The poorest woman in the church, he said, could spin it out in a few days.

To make the system more sure and perfect in its operations, he would add one more feature. It was this. He would in some way clothe the church with power to collect this benevolent tax of her members. This could be done. The Mother Church had done it, and so could we.

It might take some time to introduce this system universally, but its benefits as a guide to conscience, could at once be realized. By its estimate, a man might know, when he had done his duty, and if others would not do their part, he could not be held responsible.

In favor of his plan, he brought forward the following arguments.

1. It could be adapted to human nature. In matters of duty, he believed, that human nature must be consulted. We must take the world as we find it, and not as we would make it. If we

would bring men up to their duty, we must bring the standard of duty down to their views. He had no belief in an attempt to convert the world by the supernatural power of love to Christ, and self denial for his sake. He believed, that it must be done on the principles of human nature, just as the Church of Rome had made her conquests. His plan could be made to meet the claims of human nature. If the general standard of benevolence now adopted, was found to be too high for human nature, it could be reduced, and each department could regulate its operations by its means.

2. It would adapt itself to the peculiar views of the different classes of the community. Its claims on wealth would be so trifling, that it must satisfy that class. This was a great point gained. Nothing could be carried forward, without the example of the rich and honorable. He had always noticed, that men of wealth were very much pleased with that proof of the ability of the church, which was made out from the small average sum now given by each of her members. The good effects of such statements could be seen, not only in elevating the public conscience, but also in soothing the private conscience of the rich. In his own important plan, he must confess himself indebted to hints, drawn from such statements, (though the good men, the authors of those estimates, deserved no more credit for his inferences, than did the gospel deserve blame, for being made a savor of death unto death.) On the whole, his system must have the unfailing approbation of all in the ranks of wealth. As to the poorer classes, it would

meet them on entirely another principle. These classes had always been ready to expend more than they could afford, to purchase an equality with the rich, and no doubt they would be ready to do it in this case.

3. It would promote "Systematic Charity." He could apply important principles with as much facility, as Satan could quote Scripture. This important principle, he would carry much farther, than any of its advocates would allow. By it, he would satisfy the conscience of every one, who would give systematically, let the amount be ever so small.

4. It would remove anxiety and doubt. By the present system of raising funds, an insupportable load of suspense, of anxiety, and of fear, was laid on all the active and devoted friends of Missions. It was severely felt by the officers of the Board, and through them, by every sympathizing friend throughout the country. The constant excitement, which had been going on for a few years, relative to the funds of the American Board, could not be endured much longer. He was aware, that the laborers in Christ's vineyard had ever been obliged to bear just such a load of suspense, of fear, and of anxious doubt, often having no other resource but simple reliance on an unseen hand for support. Not an inch of ground had been gained, or kept, without constant struggle. Great effort and great self-denial to meet distressing emergencies in the kingdom of Christ, had seemed to be the principal business of followers of Jesus, from the great Apostle to the Gentiles, down to the self-denying friends of Modern Missions. But we could not continue

to bear this burden. Better would it be, to return to the bosom of the Mother Church, and submit to her less oppressive yoke.

5. It would relieve from the self-denial of voluntary contributions. These constant calls from various benevolent objects were insupportable. He was aware, that some strict adherents to Bible phraseology, even now believed, that the followers of Christ must still take up the cross—must still come out of great tribulation—that if sympathy with Christ's sufferings did not now require them to give their bodies to be burned, it might, by the calls of Providence, require them to make the living sacrifice, of giving their goods to feed the souls of the perishing heathen. But he could not agree with such fanatics. With other learned men, he believed in a very liberal interpretation and application of the doctrines of the Bible, and above all, of its duties. Times of persecution, of tribulation, and of bearing the cross, must be confined to the days of the apostles and martyrs. They could not apply to this enlightened, this glorious age of the world. The world must be converted, if ever, "on flowery beds of ease." The promised millennium of holiness and joy, was delightful indeed, but a millennium of *rest and ease*, had never yet been described in all its glory—not even in the Bible.

In concluding his newspaper article, he confessed, that his opinions had undergone some change. On a superficial view of this subject, he had considered it very important, that the present necessities of the Board should be met—that the deficiencies in the receipts should be

made up, before the financial year should close. But on a more thorough investigation of the whole subject, he did not regard it as a matter of much consequence. Indeed, it might be seen hereafter, that God had a wise use to make of a failure. Perhaps the American Board had taken a higher standard than she could maintain. Perhaps she could not secure to herself, a more honorable retreat, than now, just to recall our missionaries, and use her scanty funds in paying their passage home, to disband those precious schools, and send the children back to Paganism, to give up those tender lambs to be devoured by the enemy, and to deliver up those souls, brought almost to the gate of heaven, to an eternity of hopeless despair.

These were his public addresses, and this the substance of his newspaper article. But the graces of this advocate of Missions shone most in the family circle. As a personal friend, he was most known, and best loved. He could instruct, and he could advise; he could comfort, and he could console. I saw him meet one of an inquiring spirit, seeking to know his whole duty in making an extra donation. I heard him whisper in his ear, "Be prudent, be discreet, give not too much at this time, lest there should be a reaction, or a falling off at another." I saw him meet another tender conscience, about deciding to send one hundred dollars as an extra offering to Missions. I heard him whisper a kind word in that man's ear, reminding him that others should do their proportion; and I beheld him smile with fiendish delight, as that hundred dollars was reduced down to five, the

remaining ninety and five being assigned over to neighbors, who knew not, or cared not for this great emergency. I saw him meet a father, who had made his missionary donation equal to that of the last year, but whose conscience could not be satisfied without doing something more. Into his ear, I heard him whisper the comforting excuse, that he was educating his son. I witnessed the soothing power of his influence over the tender conscience of another father, as he reminded him, that he was educating his daughters.

I saw him meet another man of active, and engaging manners, and of enterprising spirit. He passed among his neighbors as a rich man, though his wealth lay more in paper and ink, and in lands, treasured up for future generations, than in valuable possessions. His troubled conscience was pleading for the treasury of the Lord. Into his ear, I heard him whisper a lesson of foresight in behalf of the cause of Missions. Many, he said, from the impulse of the moment, would take care for the present, but only here and there one, by forethought and far-reaching views, would look out for coming days. He advised him to withhold the needed relief from the destitute and the perishing, a few years longer, and then, from under his magic hand, his multiplied wealth might be poured into the treasury of the Lord in the richest profusion. I next saw him meet another man a little past the meridian of life, who had walked in the same path just recommended to the last. For many years he strove to become rich, that he might be the greatest missionary donor in the country.

But that luxury he never found. In this thing, a retributive Providence had long since said concerning him, "Take from him the pound, and give it to him, that hath ten pounds." Into that man's ear, I heard him whisper a lesson of justice. He could not do any thing now, and be just to his creditors, especially as this was the only point, where he could retrench, without endangering the standing of his family.

Into one ear of warm hearted benevolence, I heard him whisper a word in behalf of the slave. His sympathy, however, in behalf of a brother in adversity, and in behalf of those choice spirits, who approach so near the great pattern of love, that they can "remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them," was not more sincere, than was the newly made friendship between Herod and Pilate. In the presence of such spirits, he ventured not a direct attack, and an open avowal of his sentiments. But he well understood the great and true maxim, that union is strength. He well knew, that a house divided against itself cannot stand. Among the few rare spirits, that were ready to give up themselves, and their all, for the conversion of the world, he would fain, for conscience sake, throw in some plausible occasion for strife, that if possible, he might "separate chief friends." Having done this, the way would be prepared for a bolder step, and a more successful assault. Into the other ear of warm hearted benevolence, I heard him whisper a word in behalf of Home Missions, revealing the wise thought, that after all, the first and most important work to be done, was to convert our own

country, and then we should have money enough, and men enough too, to convert the world—not that he cared for Home Missions any more than Judas did for the poor, when he grudged the very anointing for the tomb of Him, whom he was about to betray. Think ye, that Christ could forget the poor, whom he came to bless? No sooner can the devoted friends of the American Board forget the precious cause of Home Missions.

These were his labors, and this his success in the single department of raising funds. But his favorite, and more glorious field of operation was that of furnishing men for the work. By his public speeches, any one would suppose, that all the world must at once go on a Mission; but, for the private conscience, he always found some very peculiar, some very urgent reason why each should be excused. His powerful and eloquent addresses in our colleges, and theological seminaries, and academies, and his personal advice, and consoling words to one and another in our halls of science—his travels over the country, and his whisperings in the ear of a father, of a mother, of a brother, and of a sister, I have not time to relate. Neither does he need my feeble testimony to prove his success. The painful truth, admitted by the officers of the Board at the close of the last year, that scarcely five men stood pledged to its immediate service, speaks volumes on the power of his influence over the minds, the consciences, and the hearts of our young men.

As I here stopped a moment to reflect on my reverie, a suggestion was whispered in my ear,

of writing a sketch of my travels, and of the labors of this Advocate for Missions, for the benefit of my friends. But why, I replied, should I be foolish enough to listen to such a suggestion, when a hundred able tongues, and a hundred able pens, have been lifting their warning voices against the power of "Mammon," and against the delusive wiles of "Covetousness, the Sin of the Church?" Besides, if the pen of a ready writer should, but this once, be given me, that I might describe things as they are, and delineate in true characters, the footsteps of Covetousness, which lead immortal souls down to the chambers of death, what would it avail? Who would listen to my words of urgent necessity, of anxious entreaty, and imploring love? Some of my friends might see their own face in the glass, and smile at the sight. Others might see that of a neighbor, and be amused at the resemblance. Together they might commend the truth of the similitude, and praise the skilfulness of the performance, and so much the more, as it came from the hand of a friend, whom they loved. But possibly one might be found, who silently and thoughtfully would consider the subject, and make solemn and faithful self-application. Possibly one might be led to renewed diligence in turning away from the delusive charms of the enemy, to follow the footsteps of wisdom, of mercy, and of infinite love. If so, I should feel myself repaid a thousand fold for my feeble endeavors, and for my seeming presumption.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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POWER OF PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY IN BEHALF OF MISSIONS—CASES OF SELF-DENYING BENEVOLENCE.

I turned away from the footsteps of Covetousness to mingle in other, and far different scenes. A brighter vision came over my waking dream. I heard a voice, saying, "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?" "Fear not." "I have reserved to me seven thousand, that have not bowed the knee to Baal." To them, it shall now be given to know of the fellowship of Christ's sufferings. To them shall be given the honor, and the reward of a victory in behalf of Missions. Mine eyes were then opened, and I beheld here and there a stripling David, clad in the armor of Personal Responsibility, with sling in hand, and a pebble from the brook, running to meet the enemy. The precious number was few indeed, but they were scattered throughout the land, from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They were found about

equally in the city, and in the country, among the high and the low, among the rich and the poor, among the learned and the unlearned, among ministers and their people. They felt, that the deficiencies in the receipts of the American Board must be made up in some way, before the financial year should close in July. They felt, that the honor of God was concerned in this event. They could not calmly see the enemy triumph. They could not thus encourage him to come again and again, till he should take the whole ground, and rejoice in his victory. They could not think of that chapter in our future history, which should record the missionary decline—the missionary failure of 1843. They could not send forth the herald, which should tell it in Gath, and publish it in Askelon, and to all the enemies of God throughout the world. They could not see the cruel hand of retrenchment again laid on the very vitals of all our missionary stations. They could not again look on the tragic scenes of 1837. Each felt, that he had more to do with his own conscience than with that of any other one—more to do with his own duty, than with that of the church. Each felt, for himself, that there was no neutral ground in this matter. In his own case, to stand still, would be to lift the fatal dagger—not to do, would be to strike the deadly blow. Together they lifted up their voices and cried, Who of us can begin this dreadful work? Which of us can say to that right hand of the missionary heart, Write thou again the fatal deed, though thy fingers should cleave to their pen, and though thy blood should cease to flow in its veins. Who

of us can unsheath the sword, and bathe it again in those bleeding wounds, not yet half healed from the last deadly stroke? Which of us can let down the pall of mourning on all our missionary stations, and on all the friends of Missions throughout the whole world? Not one of us. Each one cried for himself, Let not this deed be found in my hand—let not the blood be found in my garments. Sooner “let my right hand forget her cunning,”—sooner “let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.” Rather let me bestow my all—my most valued possessions—my last and best earthly treasure. Nay more, sooner would I give up my own life—sooner would I bow mine own head to the fatal stroke. Together they cried to the God of heaven, and prayed, that he would lift his holy arm, and make all the earth know, that there was a God in Israel, and that he reigned in the hearts of his American Zion.

There are times when philosophy is too slow for the occasion. Look at yonder building enveloped in flames. See that helpless widow and group of little children, just awakened from sleep, crying in agony at the window. The flames are making rapid strides. A few moments more, and it will be too late. Can the heart of that young man, determined on their rescue, wait for the actings of philosophy? Can he stay to divide out with exactness the danger, and the loss of the undertaking, between himself and his more phlegmatic neighbor? Can he wait to inquire, whether or not, he shall be ready, or able, or willing to do the like deed to-morrow? No. He leaps from the ground. He flies to

their relief, and almost in the twinkling of an eye, he delivers one after another, till the last is safe in its mother's arms. So the occasion now seemed to these rare spirits. Each seemed to feel for himself, that there was no time to be lost. They had no time to calculate, no time to speculate. They had no time to censure the church, or to weep over her apathy. They were kindred spirits, indeed, but they had no time to sympathize, no time to unite. Each stood by himself alone in the strength of his God. They could not wait to inquire what others ought to do, or what others would do. Each seemed to take it for granted, that his neighbor would not do much, and that he must do the more. All their numerical calculations were by the rule of inverse proportion. Each did what his hands found to do with his might. More he could not have done, if the whole had rested on him.

We had now just entered on June. During this month, I witnessed many a social, and many a domestic scene of melting tenderness. I saw a devoted and faithful pastor of a little flock among the hills of New England. The neat but simple style of his house plainly showed, that he was not rich in the things of this world. But he was rich in faith and good works. I beheld that pastor with a burdened heart, reading that Circular from his pulpit on the Sabbath. He anticipated no warm response from his church as a body, but with anxious look, he followed every tearful eye, and every thoughtful face. I saw him go out on Monday with a downcast look, and with a trembling step, that he might find access to the house, and to the heart of a

kindred soul. He found his friend, who was a friend indeed, and he addressed him in words like these. I thought that I had done all I could, this year, considering my peculiar circumstances, but since reading that Circular, my conscience has not been at rest. My dear wife and myself have been considering this subject a whole month. Last Saturday we came to the conclusion, that we must do something more. I shall send to Boston this week, and I have come to invite you to join me. I saw him go on a similar errand to a second, and a third, and I witnessed the overflowings of his grateful heart, as he made out a purse of a few hundred dollars for the relief of the Board. Again, I saw a good deacon, asking of his minister the loan of that Circular a few days, that he might read it to his wife, and his sons, and his daughters, and to one or two neighbors, of kindred spirit; and the reading of it was not in vain. I saw, too, an aged mother in Zion reading that same appeal to two or three sisters in that praying circle, with whom she had been waiting thirty years for the consolation of Israel, and I witnessed her tears of grateful joy, as their little bounty was on its way as a messenger of mercy.

At another time, I saw a father and his two sons, with deep thought, looking each other in the face, till they mutually broke the silence, each revealing the same decision on the questions, which they had unitedly agreed to take into solemn and prayerful consideration. The propositions were the following; that the father should abandon the prospect of that addition to his little farm, which had long been with him a

favorite object, that the eldest son should give up that improvement in the shop, which he so much needed, and that the youngest son should relinquish the long anticipated extension of his merchandize, which he had but just this season found himself able to meet. This subject had cost each a severe struggle. Such a course must alter all their plans for several years. The father had yet all his younger children to educate, and the sons had each a rising family to sustain. Besides there were circumstances, relating to their family connexions, of a very peculiar nature, which could not be told, and which none but themselves could know, but which were liable to make large demands on their purses. Not a neighbor of theirs, not a member of that church, could know aught of the amount of sacrifice, that such a step would cost that father and his two sons. But the struggle was now over. The decision was made. They were of the same mind. The sacrifice was brought in their hearts, and laid on the altar. They went about raising the money, and soon their united sum of a few hundred dollars was made out for the missionary cause. They committed the precious treasure to the hands of a safe messenger, and then they knelt down, and prayed together, and wept together, and thanked God together, and rejoiced, that they were accounted worthy to suffer for the cause of Christ.

Again I saw a family assembled at evening around the domestic altar. It was the appointed time for each to decide what sacrifices he would make for the cause. It was a solemn time—it was a tender scene. The thoughts of

all were there revealed—the tears of all flowed together—the hearts of all mingled in sweetest sympathy. The united head of that household would not allow an opportunity like that furnished by the present state of the Board, to pass unimproved. The father stood pledged to convert all their offerings into ready money—whether they should be the labor of their hands, or their most valued treasures—whether they should be real possessions, or those of anticipation to meet the wants of the season. It was Saturday night, and what a week had they passed. Never was ingenuity more active than in those young hearts. Invention ever new, and ever busy, passed from one to another, prompted indeed sometimes by a gentle hint from the mother, and carried along by the sweet smiles of the father, as day by day they assembled around the family table. On Saturday, how slowly did the hours pass away. How often were the same inquiries, repeated and returned—how much do you think we shall make out? how much do you think father will give? how much do you think mother will give? But twilight came, and the lamps were lighted, and they met in that consecrated room—in that family Bethel. Each one spoke in his turn, from the eldest son, who had just been admitted as a partner with his father, to the youngest, who sat by his mother's side. The paper was before them. It was headed by the generous united donation of the father, and his partner son. Next came that of the mother, but it was not so far below, as might have been expected, for her husband had trained her to the work.

He would even contend, that the wife ought to give a liberal example to her daughters, especially as the law allowed her one third, and as she must share a full third of the skill, the economy, and the self denial of keeping the family in a state for liberal giving. Then came the individual donations of four smiling daughters, the eldest, or youngest of whom, no one could have guessed. Next followed the united offering of two twin sisters, who were like one soul in two bodies, and never could be separated in any of their doings; and last of all, that of the little cherub-faced boy, the darling of the whole family. The sums were all added together, and the estimate laid on the table. Then they knelt around the family altar. What a prayer for Missions was that! What a cloud of incense ascended from those grateful hearts.

But the work was not yet done. The father and his partner son, must now raise all that sum of money. This was no small effort for those careful spirits. This was no small part of the self denial of this undertaking. But zeal and necessity will accomplish much. A part was raised by converting goods into money—a part was borrowed of a good old uncle, who was liable to have a few hundred dollars on hand—the remainder was taken up at the bank. When their offering was fairly on its way, think ye that they would have recalled it? As soon would we recall a loved friend, just safely landed in heaven. Who in that family can ever forget that week?—can ever forget that evening?—can ever forget that prayer? Think ye that the father and mother of that household would re-

gard another special call from Missions as any calamity?

But the precious treasures were not all counted up by the hundred. The history of many a little purse—some of a few dollars, and some of a few cents only, would have power to draw tears from eyes, which seldom weep. The precious spirits of that day, and of that occasion, did not think it below their dignity to stoop to the latchet of a shoe, or to the falling of a sparrow. They thought it no condescension to commune with that spirit, which could take a piece of money from the mouth of a fish—with that Spirit, which on the approach of a cold winter, could take care about a cloak, to shield “Paul the aged” from the chilling damps of a Roman prison. I saw many a sudden little thought of mercy, which appeared like a precious gem, bursting forth from the solid rock. Once I heard an affectionate and devoted wife, waking her husband, while it was yet dark, that she might reveal her midnight plan of repairing her old carpet, that the money for the new one might be given to the cause. Again I saw a stripling youth, just entered on his college course, pleading with his mother to repair his old coat, that the money for the new coat might be added to the little sum just received of his father, as the result of a sudden thought of his, that he *could* substitute pedestrian excursions for rides during his vacations of the coming year. I beheld too, a beautiful daughter, not yet entered on her teens—an only child, and her mother in heaven—running with a throbbing heart to her widowed father, and

asking that she might repair her old bonnet for the season, and send the money for the new bonnet to Ceylon, that it might save one little girl from the anguish of being torn away from her beloved school, and her new missionary home. And I saw the fountains of that father's heart stirred as never before. With what eyes of surpassing tenderness, did he look on that dearest image of her departed mother, as his flowing tears gave a silent consent. I saw that father too add a postscript to the letter, which was to bear away her little bounty. It was as follows ;

“To the Treasurer of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions,

Sir,—In addition to what I sent you last week, please to place one hundred dollars more to my account. You shall receive the money safely before the close of July.”

The work was carried forward with great haste, for “the thing was done suddenly.” And such efforts to convert goods, and notes of hand into ready money, I never before witnessed. And such charges of despatch, as were given to the messenger of each one's bounty, I never before heard. I looked too, into the houses and hearts of those kindred souls ; and I felt that even in this life, they had received a hundred fold. Every house seemed like the house of Obed Edom, which God blessed, because the ark of God was there.

## CHAPTER IX.

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REVERSED SCENE AT THE MISSIONARY HOUSE—  
ANNUAL MEETING AT ROCHESTER—APPLICATION  
OF PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

But I hastened away to the treasure house in the temple of the Lord in the city of our solemnities, that I might know the sum of the whole matter. There I beheld longing eyes, such as were seen in Jacob's tent, stretching forth towards the land of Egypt, in quest of her long delayed, and long expected bread. There I witnessed too, those tears of gratitude, embalming each little parcel, as they came in one by one. And there I beheld all that pile of letters, written as in characters of blood, all signed and sealed. I saw the ships too, lying in the harbor, appointed to carry the fatal mandate to all our missionary stations. There I beheld those adverse winds and waves, angels of mercy, as they were commissioned by Heaven, to keep back those vessels in our ports, till the needed relief

should come. And I heard the voice of Justice, crying, Stay thine hand, spare the stroke. The will of the people must be done. The voice of the church must be obeyed. At this voice, the sad decree was passed. At her voice, let it now be repealed. And I saw all that pile of letters recalled, and committed to the flames, ere one had left our shores. It was like the reversing of those "letters, written in the name of Ahasuerus, and sealed with the king's ring."

But the time for the next great annual festival drew near, and I hastened to the spot, that I might there witness the overflowings of joyful sympathy in behalf of Missions. It was a solemn place. Silence reigned—tears flowed—every heart was filled with humble gratitude. It was like that day of the month Adar in Shushan the palace, "which was turned from sorrow to joy, and from mourning to a good day." To those kindred spirits, that had "mourned in Zion, was now given, beauty for ashes, the oil of joy, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." As they gathered around the table of their blessed Redeemer, all lifted up their voices together, and cried, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory." "What are we, and what is our people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort?"

But I awoke from my pleasing reverie, and I felt the solemn truth, that the work was yet to be done—that the battle was yet to be fought—that the victory was yet to be gained. And I heard a voice saying, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Who will take his life in his hand, and rush in between the living and the dead? And I heard

one and another cry, "Here am I, Lord, send me." Lord, teach me thy ways, show me the right path, that my willing feet may run therein. Then I heard the footsteps of Wisdom, sweet messenger of heaven. She cried without, she uttered her voice in the streets, she cried in the chief place of concourse, in the opening of the gates, in the city, she uttered her words, saying, "Unto you O men I call, and my voice is to the sons of men." To each inquiring soul, I heard her say, Come hearken unto me, and "I will lead thee in right paths. Attend to my sayings, and keep them in the midst of thine heart. Then shalt thou understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity; yea, and every good path." And she uttered a lesson of Personal Responsibility, and these were her words. Let each one look to his own work. "It is nothing with God to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power." But his blessing is delayed, so as to be given as a rich reward to the willing and obedient heart. Is the spirit of any one stirred within him in behalf of this cause, let him be faithful in his own place, and in his own way, and for himself alone. Let him carry his own petition, warm from his own heart, to the throne of mercy, rather than to seek for a friend to carry it in his behalf, and it shall prevail. Let him give *all—all* that he ought—either from his abundance, or from his scanty store, rather than to look to his neighbor to do it in his stead, and the deed shall be remembered in heaven, and his work shall not be in vain. Is he poor, let him be careful to give the last mite, which the Lord requires at his hand. That

little pittance, which he has laid aside, which he really seems to need for his comfort, and on which his eye is now fixed with that anxious inquiry, may be more in the Lord's treasury than thousands in other hands. It may be of more weight in the counsels of Heaven, as this great question, relative to the funds of the American Board, shall there be settled. Is he rich, let him give—not a part—but all which the Lord requires. Though he may cast his thousands into the treasury of the Lord, it may weigh nought in the counsels of Heaven, if any thing is kept back. But let him come fully up to his ability, let him come fully up to the urgency of the case, and he shall receive even a richer reward, than did the widow with her two mites. No one knows to whom, in this case, it shall be said, "Thou hast power with God, and with men, and hast prevailed." No one knows to whom the balancing power may be given, which shall determine this great question in the court of heaven. The balancing power was given to Achan, and with his wedge of gold, he could trouble the whole camp of Israel. The deciding power was given to Phineas, and with javelin in hand, he was able by a single act, to stay the plague, and save thousands from a speedy death. Let no one say, therefore, that the little which he can do, will have no avail. When God, in the court of heaven, shall weigh the offerings, which shall decide this great question, he may say, "This poor widow hath cast in more than they all." On the other hand, let no one, feel, that he can afford to consume treasures on himself, because he has already done so much for the cause. The

little, that remains in his hand, which he can give, and which the Lord requires of him, may be the balancing power, which shall decide the whole case. But let each, in his own condition, be faithful unto the last iota, and he shall have his reward. With his faithful hands, and willing heart, and obedient spirit, and through that grace, by which he is what he is, let him go in the name of Jesus, and carry his petition to the mercy seat, and it shall be granted. Is his petition, that the hearts of others may be opened to go and do likewise? Then the hearts of others shall be opened, and they shall go and do likewise, and the work shall be done. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

These were the words uttered by the voice of wisdom, and as she ceased, my thoughts returned to my own bosom. A view of my own individual responsibility rested on me with an indescribable weight. I felt that my duty in my own little sphere, and with my own feeble ability, was more to me in the sight of God, than the duty of all the world besides. Could I throw my influence over the whole country, and bring thousands into the treasury of the Lord, it might not be so important a duty for me, as to give from my own little purse, that last farthing, which God requires. Could I make my voice heard from one end of the land to the other, and so plead in behalf of the perishing heathen, that all our missionary concerts should be filled with hearts bowing together in the presence of God, it might not be so important a duty for me, as

to carry my own feeble petition myself to the throne of mercy, and there in the name of our blessed Redeemer, plead the promises with an earnestness, which cannot be denied. While I mused on these things, my heart seemed ready to sink under its load, and I fled away to the cross of Christ, that there my weak and fainting spirit might find support, comfort, and guidance. There I looked up, and cried, My dear Redeemer, make me "to know the fellowship of thy sufferings; make me conformable unto thy death." There, under the banner of the Saviour's dying love, I felt it to be the most precious privilege in the universe, to deny myself, to take up my cross, and to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

In view of this reverie, I can only say, I "have believed, and therefore have I spoken." I have written, because my heart was so full, that I could but write. Whether this feeble development of my own feelings, will ever find its way to any other heart, and whether it shall ever be permitted to touch a chord in any other soul, which shall vibrate to personal responsibility, and self-application, the Lord only knows; but that is enough. Let the will of the Lord be done concerning this little, feeble "missionary offering." If it shall seem good in his sight, to bless it to the cause of Him, who remembers a cup of cold water, let the praise all be rendered to the riches of his condescending love. But if it shall seem good in his sight, to lay it aside, and bury it in oblivion, and to supply its place from the rich stores of his providence, so let it be. Our only desire is, that hearts may be

opened, and that hands may be opened, and that lives may be devoted to the salvation of men, to the service of Christ, and to the glory of God. Our only prayer is, that immortal souls, just ready to perish, may be saved from the horrors of the second death, before it shall be for ever too late; and that our blessed Redeemer, who gave his life for us all, may enter into the full possession of that joy, which was set before him, for which he endured the cross, despising the shame—that he may see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied—that “the heathen may be given to him for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.”









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